

# FORUM

Pour Comprendre le Quebec

*Lionel Roy*

Maritime Pot Simmers

*J. W. A. Nicholson*

Issue In India

*J. O. Brown*

Air Raid Victim

*W. D. Broadhead*

SPRING BOOKS

The Word War

*John Fairfax*

---

Vol. XX, No. 231

Twenty-five Cents

---

# CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

EDITORIALS . . . . .	2
CANADA AND THE WORD WAR	
JOHN FAIRFAX . . . . .	6
THE ISSUE IN INDIA	
J. O. BROWN . . . . .	8
IN OUR TIME (POEM)	
MIRIAM DWORKIN WADDINGTON . . . . .	9
POUR COMPRENDRE LE QUEBEC	
LIONEL ROY . . . . .	10
O CANADA . . . . .	11
MARITIME POT SIMMERS	
J. W. A. NICHOLSON . . . . .	12
ERNEST THOMAS, 1866 - 1940	
P. E. A. . . . .	13
WILD GEESE (POEM)	
PATRICK D. WADDINGTON . . . . .	14
CANADIAN WATERCOLORS	
H. N. FRYE . . . . .	14
AIR RAID VICTIM (STORY)	
W. D. BROADHEAD . . . . .	15
ECTOMIA (POEM)	
RALPH GUSTAFSON . . . . .	16
VERNAL FREQUENCY (POEM)	
ALAN G. BROWN . . . . .	17
HOME NEWS FROM ABROAD . . . . .	17
SONG (POEM)	
GEORGE CURTSINGER . . . . .	17
OUR "MIDDLE-MEN" OF THE ARTS	
LAWREN HARRIS, JR. . . . .	18
PROLOGUE TO SUMMER (POEM)	
RALPH GUSTAFSON . . . . .	18
COSTUME MODEL (LINO-CUT)	
STANLEY FURNIVAL . . . . .	19
CIVIL LIBERTIES . . . . .	20
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	21

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH

ESSAYS IN CANADIAN HISTORY . . . . F. R. Scott	22
TWICE A YEAR . . . . . Earle Birney	22
JEAN RACINE . . . . . J. S. Will	23
POLITE ESSAYS . . . . . E. K. Brown	24
DANGEROUS THOUGHTS . . . . . F. H. U.	24
THE WIND OUR ENEMY . . . . . Earle Birney	24
THE FILM ANSWERS BACK . . . . . W. S. Milne	25
LETTERS OF ANNA JAMIESON . . . . . Barker Fairley	25
ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES . . . . . Gilbert Norwood	26
MIXED COMPANY . . . . . G. M. A. Grube	26
POETS OF TOMORROW . . . . . H. N. Frye	26
YOU AND HEREDITY . . . . . Fergus Tobin	27
SINCE YESTERDAY . . . . . Marguerite Wyke	27
ON A DARKLING PLAIN . . . . . Earle Birney	28
BUT YOU ARE YOUNG . . . . . Miriam D. Waddington	28
WHAT IMMORTAL HAND . . . . . Tmima L. Cohn	28
POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD	
PENGUIN POLITICAL DICTIONARY . . . . A. Somerville	29
AMERICAN POLITICAL SCENE . . . . . J. A. D.	29

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS . . . . W. E. Greening	29
POETRY . . . . . N. F.	29
NO MORE GAS . . . . . Miriam Waddington	30
I MET THEM ONCE . . . . . Jean Faiseur	30
COWBOY DANCES . . . . . Cynthia Barrett	30
NORTHERN LIGHTS . . . . . Miriam Waddington	30
THE DUTCH . . . . . Johan Tekije	31
FABLE IN GOTHIC . . . . .	31
ABC OF ECONOMICS . . . . .	31
BOOKS RECEIVED . . . . .	31

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

J. W. A. NICHOLSON of Halifax is a retired United church minister.

JOHN FAIRFAX is a Canadian journalist who has been an occasional contributor to The Forum for several years.

MIRIAM DWORKIN WADDINGTON and PATRICK D. WADDINGTON (who has written before for The Forum under the pseudonym David Andrade) are husband and wife. Mrs. Waddington comes from Winnipeg, graduated from the University of Toronto last year and has been doing magazine work since her return from Europe. Mr. Waddington is Ontario born, educated in London, a one-time Ottawa Citizen reporter and now working in Toronto.

W. D. BROADHEAD, a native Hamiltonian, graduated from McMaster last year, has done news reporting and written short stories since he was 16.

GEORGE CURTSINGER of Dallas, Texas, is studying for a Bachelor of Music degree. A little more than a year ago he "found the most absorbing interest" of his life, poetry. This is his first appearance in a magazine.

STANLEY FURNIVAL graduated several years ago from the Ontario College of Art and is at present a commercial designer in Toronto. He works mostly in the graphic arts and in watercolor.

LAWREN HARRIS, Jr., is a young Toronto painter. His father was one of the original Group of Seven.

CAVEN ATKENS, whose designs appear on Pages 16, 23 and 27, studied in Winnipeg under Lemoine Fitzgerald and is now working in Toronto.

LIONEL ROY was a Rhodes Scholar from Quebec and is now practising law in Quebec City and is a member of the faculty of Laval University.

J. O. BROWN, a Toronto writer, has followed the situation in India for a number of years.

## THE CANADIAN FORUM

ELEANOR GODFREY - MANAGING EDITOR

L. A. MORRIS - BUSINESS MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM  
(Cheques must be payable at par in Toronto)

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH BY

THE CANADIAN FORUM LTD.

28 WELLINGTON STREET WEST,  
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

While unable to pay contributors at present, The Canadian Forum welcomes contributions of fiction, political, social, literary and artistic criticism, and art suitable for reproduction. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped return envelope.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. XX

OSHAWA, ONTARIO, APRIL, 1940

NO. 231

## *The Election*

THERE NEVER was any doubt that Mr. King's government would be re-elected, but frankly we were surprised at the size of the majority. Dr. Manion's "national government" platform was of course fake from the beginning; it was only adopted because there was not the slightest chance of the Conservatives winning enough seats to form a government when running under their own colors. The reduction in the number of Social Crediters will cause no tears outside of Alberta, for their group had become a stale joke at Ottawa; never has the House seen any body of men so ignorant and so futile. More serious is the failure of the C.C.F. to elect a greatly increased contingent. What this parliament is going to need most is an effective opposition. The little leaderless Conservative faction will not be of much use. They'll have to produce their front-bench debaters from Toronto or New Brunswick! As for the over-flowing mob of Liberal back-benchers, they will toe the party line as long as juicy war contracts go to their constituents. In fact we are likely to hear before this parliamentary term is ended that the election of March 26 produced a parliament of hard-faced men who looked as if they expected to do well out of the war. Only from the C.C.F. can real criticism be expected on the major issues that affect our national future; and it would be better for the future of our country if there were more C.C.F. critics in the House.

At the moment of writing we do not know the figures of the popular vote, but there is little doubt that the overwhelming Liberal majority in the House will not represent an overwhelming majority in the country. Canada has not had a real majority government since the last war. In 1930 Mr. King got 46.2% of the votes, and wandered in the valley of humiliation; in 1935 he got 46.8% and won the biggest majority of seats since Confederation. If we want parliaments that really reflect the balance of public opinion in the country, it is high time that we introduced proportional representation in our cities and the alternative vote in our rural constituencies. Mr. Aberhart has done this in Alberta. And why not make publicity about the source of campaign funds compulsory? We suggest these two democratic reforms to that ardent democrat Mr. Mackenzie King.

## *The Election Campaign*

BY GENERAL AGREEMENT the 1940 election will go down to history as the dulllest within memory. The two old parties had no real differences and were only fighting about who should control the patronage. There can never have been a better illustration than in this election of the truth of the American proverb that the reason for a two-party system is not that there are two sides to every question but that there are two sides to every office—an inside and an outside. Of course the unexciting character of the debate between Liberals and Conservatives was partly due to the comparative infrequency of public meetings. But for a long time in Canada public campaign meetings have served no purpose except to help the party zealots to lash themselves up into a lather, and the overwhelming majority of the electors regularly stayed away from them. No, the lack of excitement was really due to the fact that the public didn't know what the election was about. Mr. King's sudden dissolution of parliament prevented any real investigation of his war policies and achievements; and during the election nothing was possible except unsubstantiated charges on one side and equally unsubstantiated denials on the other. Naturally the public quickly became bored by this performance. The efforts of the C.C.F. to get discussion of the real problems that face us in this war and after it were largely frustrated by the refusal of the great dailies to give them publicity.

## *The Campaign on the Air*

THE ACTION of the C.B.C. in providing free time on the air for all the major political groups promised at first to raise the level of this election debate. But, in eastern Canada at least, its effect was largely nullified by the extravagant buying of time by Liberals and Conservatives. Evenings were made hideous during the latter part



of the campaign by an almost continuous outpouring of political oratory from the radio. We should guess that radio speaking was so overdone that it must largely have defeated its own purpose, especially as most of it was so badly done. Mr. Coldwell's voice was impressive and persuasive, and Mr. King seems to have had some useful coaching before he went on the air this time. Dr. Manion was so bad that if you didn't hear him you wouldn't believe us; so we shall not try to find adjectives to describe him. After listening to Messrs. Aberhart and Blackmore in a dialogue on Social Credit, we knew no more about Social Credit than before but we understood why Mr. Aberhart is a force. But the lesser men were just the old tub-thumpers, still completely oblivious to the fact that the people who listen to radio speeches are sitting comfortably (and somewhat sleepily) in living-rooms with books and magazines within arm's reach, with other programs available at the turn of a dial, and with the local movie theatre just around the corner.

Maybe we're all wrong about this, for we don't go out to listen to sermons on Sundays or to Rotary or Canadian Club speeches on week-days. And maybe the bulk of our fellow citizens are hardier than we are, and thrive on a diet of this dreary oratorical drool. But if we ever get elected to parliament we intend to introduce a bill making it compulsory for all Canadian politicians to listen to the fireside speeches from Washington. Just try to think now, and see if you can remember a single quotable phrase or sentence that was uttered during the whole of the Canadian election campaign.

### "National Unity"

NATIONAL UNITY has become Mr. King's standard election policy, in war and in peace. When he first became prime minister in 1921 he was encumbered with a detailed program which had been drawn up in the famous Liberal convention of 1919. In office he declared that this provided only a general chart by which his government was expected to sail, and since that first successful election his chart has become more and more general. In the last three elections of 1930, 1935 and 1940, it has resembled nothing so much as that delightful map which old timers may recall that Charlie Chaplin carried with him to guide his steps in the *Gold Rush*. It has contained nothing but an assortment of arrows pointing towards goals which are unspecified. But along each margin of his chart is inscribed the sacred incantation, "National Unity;" and so it must be towards this that the arrows point.

Mr. King informed us this time that he wanted a

united nation behind him so as to make effective our war effort and our peace effort at the end of the war. But he vouchsafed not the slightest information as to his own ideas about the extent or the nature of our war effort. He did not tell us what he proposes to do during the present year, how many troops he contemplates raising, how he plans to mobilize and consolidate the efforts of eleven million people (or, incidentally, how he expects to take up the slack of unemployment), or how he intends to finance this gigantic diversion of our not too healthy economic system to destructive purposes. Still less did he give us any enlightenment on his conception of the peace settlement which all governments must be anticipating in the midst of their war efforts. His voice became solemn when he referred to a just and enduring peace or the defense of our Christian civilization, but there was not a word in all his speeches on the concrete conditions which must be realized to make peace just and enduring or to make our Christian civilization something more than the sham that it has been during the lifetime of most of us. In fact what Mr. King was seeking in this election was a blank cheque. Put him and Mr. Lapointe in office with a majority from English-speaking and a majority from French-speaking Canada, and then by some mysterious process the millenium of "national unity" will automatically arrive. Don't ask how. Messrs. King and Lapointe (if we will only keep them in office) personify national unity in Canada exactly as the Fuehrer does in Germany.

### *That United Empire*

NOW THAT the election is over perhaps our daily papers will relax a bit in their fervent myth-making and allow a little more space for news. One of their favorite myths since last September has been that of a united British empire rising in its might to battle with the fiends of hell. This myth has had heavy going in face of the obvious lack of drive in the Chamberlain government. And even our Canadian papers haven't been able to ignore completely the fact that the Irish Free State is neutral and that General Smuts was able to carry the Union of South Africa into the war only by agreeing to send no troops overseas. In Australia the Labor party has opposed the sending of Australian troops overseas; and it is apparently growing in strength, to judge from its success in winning a recent by-election. At any rate this success so frightened the imperialists that they have formed a union government to keep Labor out of power, a move which has been represented with characteristic honesty by our Dreads and



Manions as the formation of a National Government in Australia. India is smouldering on the verge of an outbreak of organized non-co-operation under the leadership of the Congress party. In Britain itself, up to the end of 1939, there had been registered 15,626 conscientious objectors, practically as many as were registered during the whole of the last war. The No Conscription League which was started in February, 1939, has widened its program to include opposition to the war, and its membership now numbers a quarter million. In the four by-elections held in Britain since the outbreak of war an average of nearly one-fifth of the voters have supported anti-war candidates.

## Europe

WHATEVER its ultimate consequences, the defeat of Finland, with Great Britain and France watching in helpless impotence, marks for the moment another victory for Germany. Russia is now free to devote herself to supplying German needs or to fishing in troubled waters further south. The feeling of frustration which these events have produced apparently led to the downfall of M. Daladier in France. But we doubt whether the increasing demands in France and Britain for more vigorous action will have any positive result in the military sphere. Obviously, if the allied forces had moved into Finland, they would thereby have exposed themselves to much greater risks in the north than Germany would have had to face, in countering their move, even if the policy of running such risks might have been worth while. In the Balkan area and in the Near East it is also doubtful whether it would be worth their while to stir up war at the expense of forcing Russia irrevocably into the enemy camp as an active belligerent. The allies cannot afford an offensive in the air, according to informed American opinion, because they are still far inferior to Germany in bombing planes, their spurt in production having been concentrated upon pursuit planes for defense against German bombing raids. Conversely, it does not seem that Hitler can attack effectively upon land anywhere or that his sea campaign can bring Britain to her knees. These considerations are leading a good many commentators to predict that the fighting in 1940 will not be of a very extended character, and that our newspapers will have to feed us on such sensations as the bombing of the island of Sylt, which was twice destroyed by British bombers on two successive days but which, when visited by American newspapermen on the third day, had suffered little except from holes in the sand where the bombs had fallen. Some Americans are even playing with the idea that this war may come to an

end without a peace treaty just as so many modern wars begin without formal declarations. But there are too many politicians and generals at large in Europe who are athirst for glory. And so we feel some confidence that, if not in 1940, at least by 1941 the blood will be flowing in streams big enough to satisfy the fiercest crusader for noble causes.

## New World for Old

THIS WOULD NOT SEEM to be the aptest year to launch a new Canadian magazine, especially when it is called *The New World* (Illustrated). Mr. J. K. Thomas' dime monthly has now, however, weathered its second issue and gives promise of staying. Somewhat obviously attempting to present a Canadian *Life*, the illustrations are a salad bowl of politicians, armaments, movie starlets, skiers, Group of Seven paintings in color, doctors, spring dresses, empire soldiers, Catholic educationalists and Anglican salesgirls, with a dressing of legs, and a peppering of freaks and jitterbugs. What the pictures lack in slickness is generally offset by their national interest. In addition there are intelligent features on books, sport, and art, by Mary Lowrey Ross, Morley Callaghan, and Graham McInnes, respectively.

Since it is a commercial venture, the *New World* must needs accommodate its material to the tastes of the Canadian majority, whom advertisers wish to reach. This is no doubt why only the old-line parties are noticed in the pre-election issues, Indian independence is pooh-poohed in the spirit of Warren Hastings, and Canadian post-war prosperity is assumed, granted "a good balance of trade and a large increase in population." This last was also the prayer of Hitler. Editorially, of course, the *New World* is not fascist, but simply very much of the Old World, obsequious to the advertising kingdom, whose dreams are all of profit abroad and fecundity at home. We hope, against hope, that our new contemporary will stick to the very useful job of giving Canadians honest photographs of themselves and leave the shaping of the New World to us.

The League for Social Reconstruction is, next month, conducting a special subscription campaign to assist The Canadian Forum. Will our readers please co-operate in this by sending the names of five of their acquaintances, whom they believe would be interested in becoming subscribers, to the L.S.R., Box 296, Montreal, P.Q.

# Canada and the Word War

John Fairfax

THE OUTSTANDING PARADOX of the present war lies in the fact that, despite a phenomenal growth in agencies of communication, the man in the street stands even less chance of getting the significant facts about what is going on than he did in 1914-18.

Still more paradoxically, this far-flung network of wires and ether-bands which is said to have "drawn the peoples of the world into a single community" is today being used mainly to deluge those peoples with a flood of weasel words which makes poor Noah seem, by comparison, a fair-weather sailor. And there is, this time, no ark. We must swim or be drowned.

Since the last great war, governments have forgotten nothing and learned much. They have not forgotten, for instance, that he who most effectively wields the words wins the war; and they have learned a great deal about wielding the words. It has been said that in modern large-scale warfare everyone is a soldier. And while every army still moves upon its belly, governments know that the army at home moves faster and more satisfactorily on a belly filled with wind. The fare must, if possible, *look* solid. But clever chefs can do much with frothy material.

It is the increased skill shown by governments in making such insubstantial but (curiously enough) energizing food look like what it ain't that chiefly distinguishes this war from the last. Not in vain have the politicians become habituated, through the "departments of information," the "press liaison officers," the government "releases," the daily "conferences" with newspapermen, to utilizing "news" as a means of concealing facts and motives, and of softening policies with the mellow light of seeming reasonableness. As wires and cables multiplied, as the ether was riddled in all directions with word-bearing impulses, as the legions of "trained" newsgatherers, converging ever more numerous upon the strongholds of European diplomacy, brought wilier strategy to their work, those whose task it is to act first and justify their actions afterwards contrived always to invent new ways of escaping the net. Thus a world expecting somewhat naively that another great war might consist of "open encounters openly arrived at" found itself feeding, with scarcely more consciousness than before of its insubstantiality, upon the same old gaseous fare.

Take radio for instance. There were some who thought that however unequal to its task the world

press might prove in a new war, radio would bring them the news, the whole news and nothing but the news. But after its first magnificent *tour de force* of the opening days, American radio retreated into its hideout, exhausted by its fabulously expensive and wholly unremunerated effort, frustrated by European censorship, and troubled with fears of drastic restriction by its own government urged on by a jealous and powerful rival, the press. Except for a few subsequent sallies by the major chains into the sphere of independent newsgathering, radio news has become once more mainly that which is gathered by the press associations. ("For further details, see your local newspaper.") And so dominant are the European censors and propaganda chiefs (twin servants of the same ends) that the world-girdling press associations and "great" newspapers of the United States—the only neutral country with effective newsgathering machinery—are powerless to storm the barricades or neutralize the gases. Thus a newspaper like the *New York Times* must perforce print the daily warning, "Dispatches from Europe and the Far East are subject to censorship at the source," and trust to its commentators to develop clairvoyance as a substitute for reporting.

No reporters are allowed on battleships, and the "silent service" continues to live up to its traditions. The Russian-Finnish war has given us a preview of what kind of "news" we may expect when the allied land forces come to grips. Occasionally a foreign correspondent has cut through the mass of wordy "eyewitness" stories to give us a glimpse of how modern wars are really "covered", as when Leland Stowe of the *Chicago Daily News* cabled to his paper at the end of January the following picture of reporting on the Finnish front:

What the correspondents see is most carefully restricted long before anything they write comes beneath the censor's pencil. As a result, correspondents are rare who have been under fire more than once, even when on the Karelian Isthmus, and there are many here who have never yet had that experience. Personally, I have watched only one artillery bombardment (this from a relatively safe position on the eastern side of the isthmus). I have never been within hearing distance of either rifle or artillery fire. I have heard the explosion of Russian aerial bombs, and that is all. . . . Although I arrived in Finland on December 5 and although I am one of the few who have visited four out of five major war zones, I have never seen as many as 500 Finnish soldiers in any one place.

And of course the Russians permitted no correspondents with their armies at all.

But few of us are hankering after "eyewitness" stories in this war, anyway. The more revealing they were, the less we should relish them. That is one reason why the American radio chains, which have hitherto prided themselves on their "eyewitness" reporting, have drawn back, and promised the Federal Communications Commission that they will avoid "horror, suspense and undue excitement" in war broadcasting and generally "try to avoid undue shock to the radio audience, without taking upon ourselves an unjustifiable responsibility for concealing how bad the war really is." Visions we may have had of broadcasts (and perhaps telecasts) direct from battlefields are doomed to disappointment for a very good reason: we simply couldn't bear them.

After all, it is not from the battlefields that the important news of this war should be expected. It is from the chancelleries of Europe, from the men who are actually running the war, comfortably installed close to bomb-proof shelters in London, Paris, Berlin and the other capitals. It is not to the writers of "first hand reports" that we should look for the really significant facts, but to sedentary probers resembling Sherlock Holmes rather than Richard Harding Davis, and possessing preferably twice the scepticism and deductive versatility of a Holmes. Had we more of such men working for the "great" news agencies and newspapers, the man in the street might stand a chance. But alas, it is too often the police court reporter who becomes the "foreign correspondent."

Things being as they are at the principal sources of news abroad, Canada stands helpless in the barrage of words. Most of our news from outside is derived from United States agencies and newspapers, who are doing (according to their light and capacity) what the newsgatherers of a neutral country might be expected to do under the circumstances. If Canada were not herself a belligerent, this could become important for us. But three things lessen the force of this advantage: First, the difficulties above referred to; second, the fact that, however neutral officially, the people of the United States (and that includes its foreign correspondents) are by and large anxious to help the allied cause; and third, Canada's own censorship regulations are far-reaching.

Implementing this last reason are the facts that our radio is government-controlled, and our press is willing and eager to assist in whatever the government deems necessary to the prosecution of the war. It was the parliamentary vote of \$50,000 in 1917 which made possible the initiation of Canada's

present newsgathering and distributing system, the Canadian Press. The subsidy was at once a reward for past co-operation in "unifying" the dominion for war effort through the dissemination of the right news, and a step towards securing even more efficient co-operation by setting up leased telegraph connections across Canada. This subsidy, renewed annually for several years, has long since ceased, and the Canadian Press is now a wholly unsubsidized and independent "mutual and co-operative" association of the newspaper publishers of Canada, with its wire system and newsgathering machinery greatly augmented since the old subsidy days. But its willingness to co-operate with officialdom is no more grudging than in 1917; so much so that, in spite of rigid censorship regulations in the present war, it has been left largely to the Canadian Press and the newspapers themselves to exercise a voluntary self-censorship in the spirit of these regulations. With this there can be no quarrel, particularly in matters of military secrecy. But it is not likely to conduce to that winnowing of the chaff of propaganda from the kernel of fact which should be the prime concern of those who disseminate news.

To point out these facts should not be to incur any charge of disloyalty to Canada's war aims or war effort. Regarding the former, indeed, we have got no further than the generalities which serve to define the war aims on both sides; regarding the latter, it is conceivable that a fuller disclosure of significant facts might assist us both in further defining the aims and in strengthening our prosecution of the war.

But those who seek facts have few allies in high places. The fight for freedom of opinion goes on, but the fight for freedom of information, so much more important to democracy, has scarcely begun. Circulation of many of the most significant facts about the war will doubtless have to await once again the memoirs of statesmen and generals which will appear long after the peace conference and the "reconstruction period."

Meanwhile, the war of words proceeds.

### Maclean Boys on the Job

1. *Maclean's Magazine*, March 1 (appearing on Feb. 23): "When Bennett was in Ottawa before Christmas he refused to see Manion; at all events 'R. B.'s' telephone was invariably 'busy' or 'R. B.' himself in 'conference' when the Doctor called."

2. *Financial Post*, Feb. 24: "R. B. Bennett sent an emissary to the new Conservative leader, offering to campaign and serve under him if elected. Manion's reported answer: No thanks."



# The Issue in India

J. O. Brown

ON AUGUST 20, 1917, the secretary of state for India made a momentous pronouncement in the House of Commons. Speaking for a coalition government which represented Conservatives, Liberals and Labor, he declared that the policy of Britain was "the progressive realization of responsible government in India." When the war broke out in 1914 India had responded with remarkable loyalty, and an Indian army corps had assisted during the first winter in Europe in holding the line until the Kitchener forces were ready. India's willingness to give full support to the empire at that time had been due to the Morley-Minto reforms of 1909 which had come just in time to quieten the very serious political unrest that had spread throughout the country in the early years of the twentieth century. The pronouncement of Aug. 10 was made in answer to a demand by Indian leaders, both Hindu and Moslem, that the country should be now given full self-government as a reward for its magnificent war service. True, the pronouncement went on to add that the realization of responsible government could only be by progressive stages and that the British government must be the judge as to the proper time for each advance. But today, more than 25 years after that promise was given by the British authorities, eight of the eleven provinces of India are being ruled by the arbitrary authority of the provincial governor (a British appointee) in defiance of the elected majority in their legislatures which is controlled by the Congress party; and not a single step has been taken since 1917 to establish anything like genuine responsible government in the central federal legislature at Delhi.

Is it any wonder that Indian nationalists suspect the good faith of the British authorities when they are now told by the viceroy, more than 22 years after the promise of 1917, that *after* this war steps will be taken to establish responsible government at Delhi? They woke up suddenly in September, 1939, to discover that the viceroy, by his own initiative, had committed India to another war for democracy by sending Indian troops abroad to guard the British empire's life-line from Suez to Singapore. Under their existing constitution the viceroy has exclusive control over defence and foreign policy; and not even the all-India legislature, carefully constructed as it is to prevent a Congress party majority from getting control of it, can interfere with these two reserved spheres of

the vice-regal authority. In the meantime the Indian people pay taxes to keep up the defense forces at whatever strength the viceroy decides to be necessary.

The present constitution of India is based upon the Government of India Act of 1935. By it a federal system was established in India, and the first effective step was at last taken to implement the promise of responsible government in 1917. The British authorities did not think it would yet be safe to make the central government completely responsible to an elected legislature, but in the 11 major provinces of British India they established the machinery with which we have been familiar in Canada for the last hundred years. At the first provincial elections under the new system, under a franchise much more widely extended than before (about 14 percent of the population had the vote) the Congress party won a majority in eight of the eleven provinces, and in due course Congress cabinets were appointed to carry on government. They have been vigorous in initiating social reforms and seem to have got on fairly harmoniously with their English governors who represent the Crown. But under the constitution the provincial governor is given a large measure of emergency authority which can be used, if he sees fit, to enable him to rule without the advice of his cabinet altogether. When Lord Linlithgow, the governor-general (viceroy), refused the demand of the Congress party for immediate responsible government in India as a whole, the Congress party ordered its provincial cabinets to resign. In Canada or Britain this would compel the capitulation of the governors, but not in India. The governors are now ruling arbitrarily by use of their emergency powers, which include the power to raise money by taxation.

Under the 1935 act the intention had been to bring the native states of India into an all-India federation. There are over five hundred of these states and they occupy nearly one-third of the area of the country, with about a quarter of the population. Each of them is under the despotic rule of a native prince. The original British scheme was to give these native princes a third of the all-India legislature. The princes' delegates would, of course, not be elected by the people of the native states but appointed by the princes. And, since the princes depend ultimately upon British power for the continuation of their medieval feudal

authority, this would ensure a solid bloc of one-third of the legislature as supporters of the viceroy. In addition to this, elections from the provinces of British India were to be indirect, thus removing public opinion to a somewhat greater distance from the centre of power. And, most important of all, the system of communal electorates was continued. When elections on any large scale were first started in India under the Morley-Minto reforms, the Moslems had asked for separate constituencies in which Moslem voters would vote for Moslem candidates, and their request had been granted. They were afraid that in open constituencies the general Hindu majority would prevent Moslems from being elected at all. Other religious bodies have now also their separate communal constituencies, and the whole system is rigged so that the minority religions are over-represented as against the Hindu majority. The Congress party, which dates back to the beginnings of agitation for representative government in the 1880's, is mainly Hindu in composition. Thus representation of the princes, indirect election, narrow franchise giving well-to-do property owners an undue proportion of votes, and the communal constituency system were expected all together to guarantee the government at Delhi from ever having to face a nationalist majority in the federal legislature. And to make British authority doubly secure, the legislature was not given control over defense or foreign affairs. The princes have so far been too suspicious to come into the scheme, but even so the Congress party has as yet been unable to win the majority of seats.

When Mr. Gandhi, as spokesman for the Congress party, met the viceroy and demanded that Britain show her sincerity in this war for democracy by establishing democratic institutions in India, Lord Linlithgow countered with what has become the standard technique of the British authorities in India. He claims that India is so divided by communal and religious cleavages that the different groups in India must reconcile their internal differences before Britain can consider any plans for further self-government. Against Mr. Gandhi he plays Mr. Jinnah, the leader of the Moslem League. There is considerable doubt how far Mr. Jinnah really represents the bulk of the Moslem opinion in India. Large numbers of his community support the Congress party, and it is significant that in the North-West Frontier Province, where the Moslem majority over Hindus is most pronounced, the Congress party captured a majority in the provincial elections. But in the meantime Mr. Jinnah provides the authorities with an admirable opportunity for the policy of "divide and rule."

So far the Congress party is accepting the comparatively moderate leadership of Mr. Gandhi.

But there are strong elements in it who want a more vigorous and aggressive policy and who may oust Mr. Gandhi if the British authorities refuse all conciliatory measures. If this happens Indian politics is in danger of passing into a phase which will be much more terrible than the era of the troubles in Ireland when the moderate Irish nationalists lost control to Sinn Fein. It is the tragedy of the British Empire that modern British statesmanship seems unable to rise to the imaginative generosity that built up the empire of Canada and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa. One hundred years ago Canada was given self-government, and that step has brought in big dividends to the British Empire ever since. But in our own day British statesmanship was too stupid and narrow to win the loyalty of Ireland. The Irish Free State won self government for itself by civil war, and it feels no gratitude to Britain for concessions which it forced from her. And now in the second world war India is beginning to tread the path of Ireland. Never did the British Empire so urgently need a Durham and an Elgin. Alas, it has only a Chamberlain and a Linlithgow.

## In Our Time

Bones rotting and life falling apart,  
This is the truth gnawing at my heart.  
Say no more.

The lilies are lying prone,  
Stems broken and long alone.  
Say no more.

However much we sigh  
The graves must multiply.  
Say no more.

MIRIAM DWORKIN WADDINGTON

## Stepping Stones

*Men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.*

Philip Kerr (Lord Lothian) in 1919. Extract from Lloyd George's book, *The Truth About the Peace Treaties*, vol. I, p. 262: "He was particularly helpful to me in my difficulties with the Russian entanglement. It would not be fair to characterize him, as did some of my friends and his, as pro-bolshevik. But he was just as strongly opposed as I was to the intervention of allied forces in the internal affairs of Russia. So energetic were his protests that a prominent allied diplomat sent a warning to me that Kerr was 'the bolshevik head center in western Europe'."

# Pour Comprendre le Québec

*Lionel Roy*

**L**ES DESCENDANTS des quelque 60,000 français demeurés au pays après la conquête du Canada par l'Angleterre, sont aujourd'hui près de 3,000,000, dont le plus grand nombre habite la province de Québec.

Pendant plus de 300 ans, ces français d'Amérique ont vécu une vie commune, ont accompli le travail géant de la découverte et de la colonisation, ont souffert les mêmes inquiétudes, ont subi les mêmes désastres, se sont réjoui des même joies, et ensemble ont contribué au développement d'un territoire qui d'abord colonie est devenu état libre. L'indépendance est d'ailleurs la situation normale d'un pays, et le terme de son développement international; il reste ensuite à le rendre grand et prospère.

Les canadiens-français sont les plus anciens canadiens de notre pays. C'est en somme eux seuls qui, au début, ont contribué à le développer et à le peupler. Ils ont appris à vivre pour leur pays et à l'aimer. Ils se sont sacrifiés pour lui, ont offert leur vie pour la défense de leur territoire et de leur liberté bien avant l'arrivée des grands jours de l'immigration.

Le Canada fut détaché de la France en 1763. Et par la suite, la révolution française et ses principes anti-religieux ont contribué à le séparer davantage d'un pays auquel il est demeuré attaché par la langue et la culture. L'état d'esprit des canadiens-français relativement à la France, peut à première vue sembler contradictoire. Mais en fait, il n'en est rien. Car leur admiration pour la France ne les a pas empêchés de juger que la politique et les intérêts des deux pays n'étaient pas identiques. La France suivait sa voie de conquêtes; le Canada français cherchait à imposer la reconnaissance de ses droits. La France luttait pour sa grandeur; le Canada luttait pour sa vie nationale. Les Français du Canada n'ont pas suivi la politique de la France mais sont attachés à elle par des liens de culture. La destinée nationale de chacun est différente.

Détachés de la vie politique de la France dont ils ont souvent blâmé les tendances, les français d'Amérique ont cherché à s'adapter aux conditions administratives nouvelles à la suite du changement de régime. Ils ont réclamé la reconnaissance des droits sacrés et fondamentaux de toutes les nations, le droit à l'existence nationale, la liberté de langue, de religion et de culture. Ils ont demandé le privilège fondamental de demeurer eux-mêmes.

Aujourd'hui, la surface terrestre du monde se

divise en états avec leurs colonies. Chaque état ou pays est habité par un peuple dont la culture et la langue sont différentes de celles des autres états ou pays, à moins qu'un état ne compte plusieurs nations. Le patriotisme se confond souvent avec l'amour de la nation. De toutes façons, les hommes avant tout, ne sont pas des hommes, ils sont des ressortissants d'un pays, ou membres d'une nation. Nous ne sommes pas des êtres qui faisons partie d'une grande communauté universelle, nous sommes des français, des anglais, des canadiens, etc. Cette situation est peut-être déplorable. Il est probable que dans quelques centaines d'années, nos descendants nous accuseront d'étroitesse d'esprit, de n'avoir pas compris l'humanité et d'avoir participé à une politique de village agrandi. Si le monde n'était pas divisé en pays rivaux, si le monde n'était pas partagé par des traditions et des langues, peut-être qu'une paix moins aléatoire serait possible.

Mais un fait demeure certain, les nations tiennent toutes à leurs traditions comme un homme à la prune de ses yeux. On ne peut demander aux français, d'abandonner leur langue et d'adopter la langue allemande ou une autre; ils refuseraient. Il en est de même de tous les autres peuples. Chacun est fier de son passé, de sa gloire. Nous vivons dans un monde où chaque peuple se croit supérieur aux autres et n'a aucune raison d'abdiquer, où chaque peuple est nourri d'un grand patriotisme fait de l'amour de la nation, du territoire et de la culture. Ce sentiment légitime peut parfois être exagéré et conduire à des excès dont l'univers entier peut subir les inconvénients.

La nation canadienne française est, comme toutes les autres nations, fière de sa nationalité, de son passé glorieux d'efforts intellectuels et de contribution morale. Les canadiens-français sont fiers de leur langue, tiennent à leurs institutions, et entendent pouvoir survivre et faire leur place au soleil, dans un pays qu'ils ont aussi développé et peuplé. Ils ne se sentent pas des étrangers au Canada.

Le Canada est leur pays. Leur loyauté est envers le Canada, mais envers un Canada où l'on ne les traite pas en étrangers, un Canada où l'on ne subit pas leur présence avec ennui, un Canada où l'on reconnaisse le fait français et les devoirs que cette situation impose. Les mouvements séparatistes sont nés au Canada français, quand une méconnaissance trop prolongée de nos droits persuadait quelques-uns que de la Confédération, il n'y avait rien à attendre. La province de Québec



ne veut pas se séparer du reste du Canada si le Canada respecte ses sentiments les plus profonds et les plus sacrés. Le canadien-français admet le fait anglais. Il ne s'oppose pas à ce que des anglais soient établis en son pays conquis par la force; mais il n'entend pas être traité en parent pauvre. Il a vécu au Canada assez longtemps pour en avoir fait sa patrie. Il ne rêve pas de finir ses jours en terre étrangère. Pour son pays il vit, pour son pays il s'est défendu et a lutté.

Sous le régime français, il a lutté contre l'envahisseur anglais pendant plus d'un siècle. Dès que le fait français a été reconnu par l'Acte de Québec, un bon nombre a contribué à la défense de Québec assiégé par Montgomery, si le reste du pays est demeuré sans défense; avec l'anglais il a combattu l'anglais d'hier à qui la France, sa mère-patrie de la veille, avait envoyé des troupes. En 1812, de nouveau il a combattu pour la défense de son territoire attaqué. Le canadien-français a fait du Canada son pays.

Mais souvent dans le passé, les droits des canadiens-français ont été ignorés. Ils le sont encore à l'heure actuelle, trop souvent. A Ottawa, la langue française occupe une place inférieure. Ce n'est que d'hier, que la monnaie et le timbre sont bilingues.

Certains peuvent croire que cette absence de bilinguisme ne devrait pas amener des protestations, qui font l'effet d'une tempête dans un verre d'eau, et que de toutes façons ces récriminations manquent de patriotisme. Est-ce bien présenter la question? Renversons la situation. Si la langue anglaise passait au second plan à Ottawa, quelle serait l'attitude des canadiens-anglais? Il semble superflu de la mentionner.

Depuis quelques années, on parle beaucoup de l'unité du Canada; probablement parce qu'elle n'existe pas. Mais l'unité dont on parle ne peut être qu'une unité spirituelle et une unité malgré la diversité. Dans la nature, d'ailleurs, tous les corps sont composés; il en est de même de la nation, formée d'individus. Il peut en être de même d'un pays formé de nations différentes. Chaque groupe y apportera ses qualités.

Mais pour que l'unité se fasse, elle doit être à base de justice. L'unité ne peut naître de la suprématie ou de la domination. Si le fait français est méconnu ou ignoré, l'on ne peut songer à l'unité. Pour unir le Canada, il faudrait trouver un sentiment commun assez puissant et susceptible de gagner tous les esprits et de faire vibrer tous les coeurs à l'unisson. Les autres pays l'ont trouvé: le patriotisme, l'amour du pays avec ce qu'il représente de traditions, de grandeur et d'espérances. Si l'on tente de trouver en dehors du Canada un trait d'union, on ne cimentera pas l'unité au Canada.

On ne peut pas reprocher aux canadiens-français de ne pas aimer le Canada. Ils l'aiment en gens qui y ont vécu depuis des siècles et ont édifié une grande part de son destin. Si l'interprétation des intérêts du pays n'est pas unanime, il ne faut pas taxer les canadiens-français d'incompréhension et de déloyauté. Les siècles ont forgé leur patriotisme. Il ne sont pas au Canada, d'hier.

## O CANADA!

To help the city balance its budget, admission should be charged audiences which listen to Montreal city council debates in the galleries of the council chamber, it was suggested at a caucus of aldermen today. The tickets would not be subject to amusement tax.

(Montreal Star, February 21.)

"I've got a job to do and that job is looking after the forest resources of Ontario. I have no time for politics," asserted Mr. Heenan.

(Reply by Hon. Peter Heenan, Toronto Star, March 12, when asked if he would follow the example of Hon. H.

C. Nixon in resigning from the Ontario cabinet)

"You mean to tell me these people place their religion ahead of the good and welfare of their country," the magistrate (F. M. Brown, Saskatoon) said. "God help them if the allies lose the war."

(Toronto Globe and Mail, February 21)

Interested as he was in the courts, the chief justice (George E. Bushnell, of the supreme court of Michigan) said he was fascinated by the "atmosphere of traditional dignity" he found in the legislative chamber (at Toronto).

(Toronto Globe and Mail, March, 1940)

It is because business enterprise has been discouraged by government regulations and regimentation during the last decade that there is so much distress among poor people today. Unwise and unnecessary interference by government in industry spells stagnation, if not ruin.

(Editorial in Toronto Globe and Mail, March 12)

"As for the C.C.F.," said Mr. Knowles (Liberal member for Wilkie, speaking in the Saskatchewan legislature), "I've been trying for years to educate the young men of my district to be proud that they are citizens in a free Canada and a democratic empire."

(Montreal Star, March 1)

Keep the C.C.F., Social Credit, New Democracy, Communist and other odds and ends of political opportunism out of parliament until this war is won and we are certain democracy has been saved.

(Editorial in Toronto Globe and Mail, March 12)

A brief insisting that "God Save the King" be sung regularly in the schools and that pupils be informed "O Canada" was not a national anthem was read before the (Regina public school) board by Rev. J. H. Hill. Rev. Mr. Hill was of the opinion "O Canada" did not measure up to the standards of a national anthem since the first verse made no reference to the Deity or the reigning sovereign, and few people knew the second verse.

(Regina Leader-Post, February 29)

This month's prize of \$1 or a six months' subscription goes to Mr. E. Owen, Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que., for the item heading the column. Original clippings should be sent with name and date of paper.

# The Maritime Pot Simmers

*J. W. A. Nicholson*

**T**HE LABOR POT simmers in the maritimes, bubbling indeed on the far side where Cape Breton miners are contending vigorously for better conditions. Will it boil over, and quench the fire for a time, or reach a heat sufficient to cook a nourishing meal for these sturdy toilers?

The maritimes are notoriously conservative in politics, business, church circles and labor groups. Our liberals, even our radicals, are conservative. The most conservative government we ever had was Liberal! And it held office for nearly 40 years. Its leaders were astute: they put plenty of conservative eggs in the basket but kept the liberal tag attached. Evidently the people liked it.

But the crust of custom is cracking. There is ferment in the yeasty dough of the present. Ten depression years, some of them abysmal, create a stir in the most cautious minds. Look at some of the evidence: First, in trade union activity, there is more than the usual amount of dickering with employers. Within a month there have been nearly a dozen strikes in coal mines, a salt mine, fish processing plants, garages and so forth. Some unions have campaigned for larger membership. Several unions have switched from the A. F. of L. to the C. I. O., seeking more aggressive action, while in at least two counties representatives of the various union bodies have held joint meetings to arrange, if possible, county-wide union councils as a step toward a provincial organization, now sadly lacking.

The largest group, the United Mine Workers, some 15,000 strong, have not only joined the C. I. O. but have affiliated with the C. C. F., recognizing that their occupational organization needs to be supplemented by political activity.

Second, in political effort. A by-election in Cape Breton during the winter resulted in a majority for the C. C. F. candidate and in the Nova Scotia legislature now in session a C. C. F. member is seated on the red carpet—a portent in these cautious, slow-moving regions. Further, in the federal election there were 6 C. C. F. candidates in Nova Scotia and one in New Brunswick. In a society where people pride themselves on voting as their great-grandfathers did such a phenomenon looks like a resurrection from the dead.

Third, in economic enterprise, as manifested in the co-operative movement. It originated through the inspiration, education and demonstration

efforts of the sane and dynamic leaders of the extension department of St. Francis Xavier university. As promoted by them it is a revised and improved edition of the Rochdale pattern, and is deliberately based upon an educational program. It takes advantage of the adult education organization wherever possible and has been a factor in giving a practical bent to its efforts. A new feature is the study club, a small group of from 8 to 12, meeting regularly to discuss informally the local problems which concern their own welfare most vitally. It follows the modern pedagogy which believes in taking the student at his present level, appealing to his most urgent interests, arousing his desire for knowledge, sharpening his wits on the practical problem of securing a larger slice of the social loaf.

The studies almost invariably analyze the evils of the industrial system and stress the possibilities of the co-operative movement to furnish some relief immediately, and give a large measure of control over economic conditions by a quiet, gradual, non-violent method. There are thousands of these meetings weekly in the homes, halls and schools of the maritimes and there are also signs of effervescence so marked that no one can doubt the ferment is working. Besides, the significant thing is not the sudden emergence of buying clubs, co-op stores, credit unions, co-operative canneries, factories and processing plants, housing schemes, and hospitalization—it is an arousing of the middle class to a knowledge of the economic system which frustrates their best efforts.

The members have been driven into three promising lines: vocational, political and economic organization. In this connection one should not neglect the valuable services being rendered by the agricultural departments in each province, especially in co-operative marketing and purchasing schemes for the benefit of the farmer.

Maritime governments like their kind elsewhere are not particularly interested in the working class. Representing the possessing and privileged few, one need hardly expect enthusiasm in the cause of the common man—yet there is a growing attention to his needs; partly because there is often some member of the cabinet with a personal interest in labor; partly because, due to a growing element of humanitarianism diffused through modern society, governments are giving more consideration to the

condition of the laboring classes. In crises this is, of course, more marked. It was shown in the readiness to help with relief funds for the unemployed, and in coming to the aid of the distressed fishermen during the worst years of the depression—the federal government joining in both undertakings. An exception to this was shown when a responsible minister in one province, a few years ago, declared there was no unemployment and disbanded the relief organization leaving the unfortunates to sink or swim, or rather to starve and freeze.

The Nova Scotia government was congratulated a few years ago for enacting legislation to protect trade unions. While no proof can be offered that this was a mere gesture the unions do not expect much benefit to their cause, and the experience of the fisherfolk at Lockport, during and since their lockout, does not lend them great encouragement.

An item of interest is the recent appointment by Mr. Cross, president of "Dosco," of Dr. Maxwell MacOdrum, a Sydney clergyman, as his assistant to care for "general labor relations, publicity, accident prevention, workmen's compensation, employees' pensions, housing, welfare, and social work within the corporation." Such an official is common enough elsewhere but it is a real innovation in this region. Since the new official has the reputation of being sympathetic to labor and is familiar with local conditions, having served in the neighborhood for several years, it may be that the innovation is full of significance for the 15,000 workers in Sydney's coal and steel industries.

In the spotlight at the present is the dispute between the miners and the Dominion Coal Company persisting since the expiration of the previous agreement last January. A conciliation board has just finished dealing with the situation but their decision has not yet been announced. The miners want an increase to meet the rising cost of living; the company contend that the war has made operations more expensive, that ships may be commandeered, costs of supplies and transportation have risen, and that an increase in selling price to cover increase in wages would lose them the St. Lawrence market and cripple the company, forcing the closing of some mines or reduction of working days. The annual income of some 2,000 miners in 1939 was about \$786 — this in a region where the cost of living is extremely high and where it appears to have risen more rapidly since the war than elsewhere! Will they kill the goose (a frightfully stupid one) that lays the golden egg (for the company) and some leaden ones for the men?

## Ernest Thomas

1866-1940

I CAN REMEMBER HIM as he was when I first met him, on a spring afternoon in Nova Scotia, surrounded by a group of students, ploughing through a muddy lane, totally engrossed in ideas. Some piece of Whitehead's metaphysics occupied him—or perhaps it was the higher criticism of the New Testament—and his excited, rather strenuous voice poured out provocative sounds, lingered a second, and then jumped clear ahead to his next conclusion, leaving the sentences half finished. The effect was rather irritating till you listened closely to what he was saying, and then you were liable to go on listening. The rest of the company were taking some pains to circumvent the ruts and puddles, but he hadn't time to notice them and just ploughed on regardless, scattering mud and ideas as he went. As he walked then, so he always lived. Most men as they advance in life more or less adjust behavior to the nice calculation of emotional place and circumstance. If pushed to it, they will put living before thinking. Ernest Thomas reversed the order; life without examination was for him not worth living.

Thousands in Canada serving the progressive cause, in politics, education or the social services, will not remember him as he walked down muddy lanes in spring, will not indeed consider they have need to thank any church or parson for what they are or what their creed of service may be. Yet it is fitting to remember him, for the general cause owes him some tribute. He came from England still a youth, to spend fifty years preaching and teaching in English-speaking Canada, a minister of the Methodist and United churches. The character of the people who received him had been carved out in the main by two forces. The first of these was economic circumstance, the battle with forest, soil and sea; the second was represented in the institutions of the protestant church, transplanted from Europe to leave an abiding mark on the mores and manners of a deeply religious people. The new wine of our age, the scientific outlook and the social conscience, had to reach the Canadian people through the church, or it would never reach them at all. Ernest Thomas was the pioneer in this enlightenment, and the dominion remains in his debt. Initiated in theology and philosophy and biblical criticism, his mind spilled over into psychology, social science, and politics, and so bore onward like a flood. He tried to read the best that was being written in Europe and America on these subjects, and then proceeded to impart his ever



widening discoveries to the church, to the colleges, and to any who would listen.

He might have been a professor, secure lord only of the classroom. But his more strenuous vocation called him to preside over church congregations, who submitted to the spell of a curious and often fascinating mixture of rhetoric and dialectic; then, during the latter part of his life, he boarded trains and slept in guest rooms, the diligent and aggressive servant of the Board of Evangelism and Social Service of his church. Had he been indeed a cloistered teacher, his vanities and eccentricities would have been treasured with affection by generations of students, as the appropriate trappings of a resplendent intellect. As it was, he took his faults and virtues out into the country with him, and let the whole force of his personality collide head on with clergy and laity wherever he went. Before his onslaught, mental inertia vanished: he made enemies, but who shall count his friends? Hundreds of ministers were first able to grasp the bible in historical perspective after sitting in on a study group with Ernest Thomas. Hundreds of students first became aware of the social implications of the Gospel of the Kingdom after they had heard his powerful exposition. And many hundreds have taken courage to preach this gospel because he gave them heart.

On the prairies and the college campuses, in the factories and churches, and maybe even in the legislatures, he has his cloud of unconscious witnesses. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*  
P.E.A.

## Wild Geese

Their shadows scored the tundra, darkened rivers,  
Looped broad-backed mountains, brooked no halter;  
Starting from sleep the city heard their cry,  
Warning of outlaws and discordant laughter;

Facing a hidden sun and charcoal shaped horizons,  
Ice formed upon their wings, they did not falter.  
They saw the bare trees lift their old men hands  
And leaves like dead passions in the canal water.

My mood's uneasy. World of curtained rooms,  
Lamps, carpets and the radio's declamation,  
Men climb in anger from the sullen ground  
Hearing the wild wing beats, the stern elation.

We, who have grown, endured, catch too that fever  
Borne on advancing snow where those hushed  
capas must be

Flanked now by icebergs crawling from the north  
To sink at last in their ancestral sea.

PATRICK G. WADDINGTON

## Canadian Watercolors

THE EXCUSE for writing about a show in the Toronto Art Gallery in a nation-wide magazine is that this particular collection of watercolors comes from all over the dominion. But a watercolor show is its own justification in Canada. The only thing like a tradition in Canadian painting is that which attempts to portray the primitive grandeur of the Canadian scene in solemn and stentorian oil. The room of Thomson, Macdonald and Harris in the National Gallery gives the impression that all Canadian art has been inspired by *Finlandia*. Many of the Group of Seven and their contemporaries began as commercial artists, and their pictures were for the most part organized posters. (Need I say that this is nothing against them?) The normal development of Canadian painting from there would have been the absorption of, at any rate, some of it into industry and commerce: murals or panel paintings, like Comfort's Nipigon studies, resulting. The similar movement across the line fostered by the W.P.A. is not a desperate unemployment measure but part of the organic evolution of American painting. But the 20th century is not an era of sound development but of frustrated and throttled creative effort all over the world, and the consequence in Canada has been an overproduction of tepidly interesting landscapes, certainly different but not organically or significantly different from those of Thomson and his associates.

Now oil painting tends to a convention and the importance of this show, apart from its novel catholicity, is not that it exhibits a genius or a masterpiece or a promise of either but that it brings out the fact that some Canadians are trying apologetically and in watercolor to find an outlet for some less conventional impulses to paint. There is humor in this show: humor in Fred Hogan's lively *Susanna-and-the-Elders* parody; humor in Lismer's "Three Graces," a little picture of African idols which proves that even a contemporary of Picasso does not have to make a fetish of a fetish: humor in Ada Killins' delicate "Aspiration," a country church with an impossible pointed window, worthy of Grant Wood at least. And with humor goes a sense of the importance of the random impression: Milne's "Bread with Blue Wrapper" is only the best of several attempts to record a haphazard perception of interesting pattern and color. There are a number of watchful and observant genre studies which may mean that Canadian eyes are slowly rising from the vegetable kingdom into human life.

H. N. FRYE

THE CANADIAN FORUM

# The Air Raid Victim

W. D. Broadhead

HE WASN'T AS BADLY wounded in the air raid as some of them had been. There had been one victim who had had both his arms and legs blown off, but he had died a few minutes after he had been brought to the hospital. Fensen, it was true, had lost both his legs, but he still had one arm left, and could eat his meals without any assistance from the orderly provided that the food was cut up for him beforehand. But he did not feel much like eating. All he wanted to do was just lie there on his cot and try not to think that for the rest of his life he would have to get along with only one limb instead of four.

He had been hoping they would let him die the way they had let others of the wounded die. Not that the doctors were callous or inhumane or anything of the sort, but they couldn't possibly cope with all the wounded, and had adopted the common-sense policy of trying to save the less gravely injured, and allowing the hopeless cases to slip quietly beyond the realm of the living.

This day, while the orderly was changing the dressings on what were left of his legs, Fensen felt a little brighter than usual, and took enough interest in his surroundings to ask the orderly whether he was going to live or die.

"Live or die? Why you'll live, of course," the orderly said. "Six months ago we had a patient in here in exactly the same condition as yourself—lost an arm and both legs when a bomb exploded beside him—he's at home now. Gets around fine in a wheel chair they had designed specially for him."

"He has a lot to be thankful for," Fensen said. "Personally, I'd sooner be dead."

"Sooner be dead! Listen, you still got your head, chest, and abdomen, haven't you? You'll still be able to think, breathe, and eat. What's wrong with that, anyway?"

"Nothing's wrong with that," Fensen said, "only it isn't enough."

"Well, at least you won't be coughing your lungs up because you've been gassed," the orderly said. "Cheer up, friend, we only live once, you know."

"Yeh, that's what I've been thinking," said Fensen.

Fensen's bed was opposite a long corridor that led to the ward, and when he was feeling well enough, he occupied himself by watching the approach or departure of doctors, nurses and

visitors along the passageway. A few minutes after the orderly had left him, he saw his wife coming down the hallway towards him. He had been expecting her, for they had sent word to her at the country village she had been sent to when the city was evacuated. Ever since he had been wounded, he had been wanting to see her; now that he saw her coming, he was afraid. He watched her come into the ward and glance hurriedly around at the beds. When her eyes finally came to rest on his, he cast his eyes down in confusion. He suddenly felt ashamed.

She ran over and threw her arms around him and kissed him. She knelt there for a few seconds with her cheek pressed against his. He could feel her tears where they ran down her cheek and touched his own.

Then she took a chair by the bedside, and looked at him for a few moments without speaking. Fensen didn't trust himself to say anything for a few moments, either, and just lay there looking back at her and feeling a sort of dull pain in his breast.

"I hardly know what to say, Bill," she said finally. "Except . . . well, I know it must be terrible to lose an arm, but it won't wreck things completely. We've still got three arms between the two of us."

Fensen felt a numb feeling creep over him. So she hadn't noticed that the bed coverings were lying in a flat and unbroken plane close against the mattress where his legs should have been! He kept staring down at the foot of the bed unable to yank his eyes away from the spot.

There was a few moments' silence. "Oh, Bill, I can hardly stand seeing you lying there looking so downcast," he heard his wife say. "It might be worse, you know, dear."

He swallowed hard. "Yes—yes it might, Elsa," he said, looking full at her for the first time. "They didn't say much in the letter, eh?"

"No, just that you had been seriously wounded in the air raid, and were in the hospital. They've been treating you all right here, haven't they?"

"Sure, I hope you've been all right in the country?"

"Yes, I've been all right. Oh, Bill, if it weren't for the war, one could almost be happy out there. It seems so calm and peaceful—maybe you'll be able to come out now too."

"Maybe."

"We'll be able to go for long walks together. You know, just the way we used to on Sundays when we were first married."

"Yeh—sort of a second honeymoon." Furtively, with his one arm, he tried to pluck the covers up into a rumpled state at the bottom of the bed.

They chatted for several more minutes. Several times he was on the point of telling her about his legs, but each time his courage failed him. He knew the agony it would cause her to find out, yet realized it was necessary that she know. Finally, the orderly came to tell her that her visiting time was up, and she rose to leave.

"Well, I'll have to say goodbye for just now, Bill," she said.

"Goodbye," he said.

She kissed him and walked to the foot of the bed. There she turned and smiled at him.

"I'll be in tomorrow," she said.

Then she saw what he dreaded she would see. Fearfully, he watched the sick look of horror spread across her face. For several seconds she stared at the bed spread where it lay so flat and smooth and unbroken. She opened and closed her mouth several times as though trying to speak—but no words came. Then she flung herself upon the bed, put her arms around him, and sobbed brokenly against his breast. Dry-eyed, he lay there gently running his fingers through her hair, and visualizing the long years of hardship ahead of them. A lump rose in his throat as he compared the picture of the careworn woman he saw in his imagination with the woman, still young and pretty and useful, who lay sobbing by his side.

After they had taken her away, he lay still on his cot for a long time. Then he was sick at his stomach and the orderly had to come and clean him up and change the sheets on his bed.

The next morning at 6 o'clock, when the orderly came back on duty again, he noticed the whiteness of Fensen's face immediately he came in the ward. Then he noticed a few blood stains on the sheets. He turned down the covers, and found the underbedding soaked with blood. He carefully examined the red-stained bandages covering the stumps of Fensen's legs. They hadn't been pulled much out of place, but they had been pushed up into the raw flesh as if by someone kneading and pushing at the open surfaces of the wounds. Finally, before drawing the covers forward again, he noticed the long, narrow stains on Fensen's night-shirt where Fensen had wiped off his fingers.

Index for Volume XIX, April 1939-March 1940, is now ready. Readers may obtain a copy free of charge by sending a three cent stamp to The Forum office.

## Ectomia

Alien to the skin reality,  
Broken the fact from stubborn bone  
The fertile hollow of the eye.

For us no longer is the night  
Sharp with the silver grit of stars,  
Does scalpel of sun scrape sight.

O smell the tamarack! how  
Curt-clean flank of the wind  
From moon-flood rocks, metallic snow!

And these and these less truth  
Than breaks on the bayonet in sun  
Word from an automatic mouth.

Listen! low in the scrabbled east . . .  
Beyond the bloodshot eyes the dawn  
Strangled with sound . . . now! Listen . . .

Lest you remember the laughing street  
The crunch of stars within the palm  
The paunch of sun with mirth grown great.

RALPH GUSTAFSON





## Vernal Frequency

All April night clear water runs

Listen by the bearded pond  
Lie in the wet grass, hear hyla-whistles  
And frogs' wooden bubble-blowing

Run loose-loined in the spring night  
Leap as the pale shoots leap in garden corners and  
freed borders

tremble

with sudden shuddering pangs of growth

in silence tremble

with straining purple tulip-points Priapus-moulded,  
fervent in ritual ecstasy of the mystery of  
seeds, quivering under choking surfeit of  
new life vibrant in every inch of air,

New life

Caught up rejoicing by the winter-sodden heart

On subtle aerals of spring.

ALAN G. BROWN

## Home News From Abroad

1) From *The Nation*, New York, March 9: "Frederick T. Birchall, former managing editor of the *New York Times*, who now covers Canada, is engaged in a minor war with *Times* executives. It all started when Birchall sent a dispatch describing repressive activities of the Catholic Church in Quebec. The copy was slashed by one of the night editors and all references to the church deleted. Whereupon Birchall dispatched a bitter protest to Managing Editor Edwin L. James and Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, and the tumult hasn't subsided yet."

2) From the *New Yorker*, March 2: "The highest paid minister in the world is probably the Reverend Dr. William L. Stidger of Boston, who conducts a fifteen-minute radio program between 11.45 and 12 noon every day except Saturday and Sunday, over WJZ and 55 affiliated stations in the United States and Canada. He is sponsored by Fleischmann's Yeast and gets \$1,000 a week, more or less . . . His sponsors have figured, from the Stidger mailing list, that the Bible Belt is moving up to Canada, and they have accordingly bought time on twenty-nine stations in the dominion."

3) From *Time*, March 11: "Last week Superman dropped down out of the sky on a mythical European war front. While shrapnel and machine-gun bullets ricocheted harmlessly off his impervious

body, Superman called a 30-minute truce, dashed off under the eyes of bemused soldiers to 'expose this war as a mockery' . . . But to a country at war, like Canada, this reduction of a life-and-death struggle to the absurdity of a comic strip is no joke . . . and one day last fortnight there was no Superman in the *Toronto Star*. Said a whimsical news paragraph: 'Superman will be missing from his regular space in the *Star* while he completes one of his mighty and mysterious tasks in his own inimitable way.' While *Star* gazers wondered what Superman was up to now, U. S. readers saw him snatch Blitzen's dictator, Rutland's war-mongering commander, set them down in no-man's-land to fight it out alone, while disgusted soldiers of both armies laid down their arms, went home to their spring plowing. This week, having ended World War II to his own satisfaction, Superman was back in the *Toronto Star*." (*Time* reproduces the comic strips which the *Star* did not see fit to publish.)

## Attention, Mr. Conant

"We are fighting to preserve democracy. It will do us little good if our young men sacrifice their lives to withstand the threat of dictatorship abroad while our government destroys democracy at home."—George A. Drew speaking at New Toronto, March 2, as reported in *Toronto Globe & Mail*.

"What value can be attached to our fighting abroad for liberty, freedom and justice, if at the same time those principles perish at home."—Dr. Manion in a letter reprinted in *The New Commonwealth*, Feb. 15, and other papers.

"We should have democracy in Canada before we go to Europe to fight for democracy." "There is not a great deal of sense in going to Europe to fight Hitlerism while there is Hitlerism right here in Canada."—Statements allegedly made by C. H. Millard in Timmins, Nov. 26, for which he was arrested.

## Song

When I am old  
And quite alone  
And clean of passion  
As a whitened bone,

What Death will take,  
I cannot tell,  
That he would hold  
So long and still.

GEORGE CURTSINGER

## Our "Middle-Men" of the Arts

*Lawren Harris, Jr.*

**W**HILE IT IS an ordinary occurrence for art critics to criticize an artist on his work, it is an unusual event for an artist to criticize the critics and their work. Assuming that criticism, however well founded, can be of no tangible value or importance unless it is constructive, I offer the following in that light.

I feel that our local critics of the arts, and in particular the visual or plastic arts, are woefully lacking in their capacity as critics. In Toronto we have four such individuals who serve three daily newspapers and one weekly publication. Their writings are all quite different one from another, but in common, are all negligible in constructive and instructive criticism and are merely descriptive in content. Analytically, we discover that one critic, with the aid of a dictionary and innumerable glowing adjectives, repaints canvases out of any semblance to their original: another is dictatorial and amusingly prophetic: yet another is more or less concerned with the social or "over-the-teacups" point of view: and the fourth, merely as a radio newscaster, serves dry bulletins of happenings without personal comments, ideas, or opinions.

These supposedly enlightened people, whose function it is to acquaint and initiate the public in matters pertaining to art and to aid the artist by a sane and helpful judgment of his work, apparently seem to content themselves with the relative, trivial accomplishment of describing these efforts of the artist to the public with meaningless phrases and little or no aesthetic creative insight. More than ever, they offer precedence to the creator above his creation. Usually by their writings they attach themselves to one group or school of expression to the exclusion of others with whom they are out of sympathy and choose to ignore. It is very rarely, if ever, that they will write of art in general, its trends, movements, and developments, but only of exhibitions and shows which they have visited. Their work from these aspects cannot be creative to themselves, instructive to their public, nor constructive to the artist.

It is, however, quite possible and even probable, that these critics are unable to express themselves as they would wish, and that their writings are subjected to censorship and restrictions by the publications which employ them: if this be so, it is still by no means an adequate excuse for their

deplorable efforts. They are not critics, but reporters.

It is evident that these critics are familiar with the past history of art in Canada, but of the present and possible future their research seems to have been sadly neglected. How many of these four individuals have ever visited the studios of these artists in their locality of whom they write; viewed their work and discussed them with their creators in an effort to understand and comprehend just exactly what it is that each one is striving to realize? Apart from gallery openings, exhibition previews, or unless they happen to be personal acquaintances of the artist, such visitations are extremely rare. If they would do so, they would be better qualified and prepared to offer a more concrete constructive criticism of his work, and fulfill their obligation to their public in a much more enlightening and intelligent manner.

As a country is respected and admired more for its culture than for its conquests, our critics have a most valuable role to play. We can only hope that they will avail themselves of their opportunity, and as critics of the arts, justify their existence by endeavoring to create a worthy contribution to this culture.

### Prologue to Summer

Quick at the maple's root  
The woodchuck garbles leaves,  
Flung from its tooth  
Flake of sun.

Under the gangrened stump  
Slugs drag slime  
The fieldmouse gnaws  
The crust of air.

Smell! — the leaf-mould smokes,  
At the water-edge flapped  
By the waves a fish  
Belly-up stinking.

Soil thaws. The ice  
Rotted from broken wharf  
Where last-year's coin  
Its silver gotten.

Male-naked the air. Compel!  
O urgent the deed, urgent  
And muscular the dream  
Invaginate!

RALPH GUSTAFSON

THE CANADIAN FORUM



THE COSTUME MODEL

STANLEY FURNIVAL



## Civil Liberties

**F**REE SPEECH has been more in the public eye, the past month, than any time since Confederation. The Conservatives, bankrupt of any program except abusing the Liberals on their war effort, have gone to town on radio censorship and the Defense of Canada Regulations. A number of Tory and C.C.F. speakers have had their radio speeches slashed; one Liberal was blue-pencilled but took it gracefully: "The ruling apparently applies to all candidates." ¶Organizations calling for amendment of the D. of C. Regulations: Christian Social Council of Canada, Ottawa Presbytery of the United Church, the S.W.O.C. and other trade unions, a group of Winnipeg citizens, in an open letter to Premier King, and many periodicals across the dominion. ¶The Vancouver Civil Liberties Union has circularized all M.P.'s and federal B. C. candidates seeking their stand on defense measures. The Montreal C.L. Union is still pressing for revision of oppressive federal and Duplessis legislation. Civil Liberties Association of Toronto has reorganized, similarly circularized local candidates, and is preparing a brief on D. of C. Regulations to submit to all M.P.'s and the new parliament. ¶Charge against C. H. Millard, C.C.I.O. organizer, has been dropped. ¶Prince Edward-Lennox Liberal Association denied they sent telegram of protest to Mr. King over Bartolotti deportation. Defeated candidate for Liberal nomination had done it without their consent. Bartolotti, it is said, is slated to be sent to Chile. ¶Montreal correspondent for Toronto Telegram claims Godbout will not repeal Padlock act, but will define communism and widen act to include fascism. Montreal police recently burned three tons of "red" literature seized in raids, including, it is supposed, the copy of Time with Trotsky's picture on it! ¶Premier Hepburn banned the March of Time film in Ontario as King-Liberal propaganda. ¶No word yet that the Finnish anti-war candidate in the Alberta election has been arrested. ¶47 Kirkland Lake miners claim they were fired for union activity. ¶Chief Constable Draper has asked cancellation of Toronto Ukrainian hall licenses because they are "communistic." Police Commission is investigating. ¶Ingenious C.P.'ers are sending out election literature bearing a Toronto Liberal committee room address. 100 pieces were seized. Downtown Montreal was plastered with "red" peace stickers and surreptitious pamphlet raids were made on Calgary and southern Alberta, Winnipeg, Sudbury, Toronto and other centers. Will o' the wisp distributors were unapprehended. ¶C.C.F. speakers are pointing out that the government has power to conscript men under section 64 of the Militia act, still on the statute books. Toronto papers are trying to tie a "red" tag on the No Conscription League. ¶Add to the some 64 arrests under the D. of C. Regulations the following 12 cases: Ottawa—Federal candidate Harry Binder, Private Louis, his brother, and civil servant Arthur Saunders, arrested for possessing "anti-war pamphlets." They are out on bail but Private Louis is C.B. Calgary—Alderman Pat Lenihan arrested for a speech before the Labor Defense League has been acquitted. New Toronto—Naturalized Czech, Red Cross contributor, arrested for saying Germany and Russia were going to win, England was scared and Canadians were only going over for a good time. Acquitted for lack of evidence the magistrate warned him he was lucky. Might have gotten 6 months for talking when he's had too many drinks. Montreal—Four men detained, literature seized when police raid C.P. candidate, E. Dube's committee

room. Five Communists given \$500 or 6 months for People Want Peace pamphlet are appealing the case. Albert Buckle and Isidore Gagnon were arrested for distributing a secretly printed issue of the banned La Clarté, but crown did not prosecute. Toronto—Clarion business manager Stewart's sentence was reduced to 6 months on appeal. 12 unspecified houses and stores, one the office of youth magazine New Advance, were raided but nothing found, police stated. Note books and copy were taken from New Advance office but later returned. Lloyd Merritt is under arrest for possessing 50 copies of secretly printed issue of the banned Clarion, found in his laundry. Hamilton—Grace Fugler, Robt. Keays and Victor Guy were arrested for possessing pamphlets offending the D. of C. Regulations, said to have some connection with Tim Buck's remote control candidature there, and to be similar to pamphlets in Ottawa-Binder case. They bore such slogans as: "Vote to smash the conscription conspiracy. Stop war profiteering. Repeal the War Measures Act." Winnipeg—Police raided office of Mid-West Clarion, banned in Ontario, and arrested John Weir, Arnold Tuomi, Edna Schunaman and Bertha Smith. Officers deny that the two women were stripped in the search. Two Communist aldermen, true to the party line, opposed resolution promising fullest co-operation in Canada's war effort. Comrades Kulba and Leniew were arrested for pamphleteering. Saskatoon—Magistrate Brown, sentencing Mennonite Arthur Fisher for forgery, sought to determine if accused deserved his freedom, by asking him if he had tried to enlist. "You mean to tell me these people place their religion ahead of the welfare of their country? It is the freedom of religion we are fighting for." Vancouver—Francis R. Turnley, returned man with creditable war record, got 6 months suspended sentence for displaying signs reading "We may get business from war but have no business in it," and "The big baboons commit you to war and then call on you monkeys to vote for their management." Ably conducting his own defense he claimed the posters were election propaganda and criticism of the King administration. ¶The ever-alert Mr. Conant turned a copy of Liberty, containing a Pierre van Paassen article, over to Ottawa. They found no grounds for prosecution. Mr. Conant also feels that the Binder case in Ottawa is the most important so far, and that if a conviction is obtained the Communist party can be outlawed. ¶Defense committee have raised and paid \$300 fine to release Frank Watson after he served 6 months for first breach in Canada of Defense Regulations. ¶The red hunt goes merrily on.

## Stepping Stones

*Men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.*

Hon. C. G. Power, on Canadian policy in 1919 (*Hansard*, Sept. 11): "We as Canadians have our destiny before us not in continental Europe, but here on the free soil of America. Our policy for the next hundred years should be that laid down by George Washington for the guidance of his countrymen—absolute renunciation of interference in European affairs—and that laid down by the other great father of his country in Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier — 'freedom from the vortex of European militarism'."

## Correspondence

**Rev. John Phillips**, the Rectory, Port Dalhousie: "Kindly discontinue my subscription. I find myself in complete disagreement with much of the 'stuff' contained in articles appearing upon the subject of the present conflict, in which many of my friends are now engaged, and I myself would be had I not been medically rejected. Your attitude is anything but 'British' and as such I do not care to associate myself with it."

**Eva R. Younge**, Montreal, liked the "meaty" March issue, particularly *The War Budget*, *St. Lawrence Seaway*, and *What Quebec Thinks, and Why!* "Now if some of your contributors from the maritimes and the west would tell us what their fellow-residents in the various provinces think, and why—on current national and international affairs—it would help us all to get a Canadian-wide perspective."

**F. K. Stewart**, Pictou: "Permit me to congratulate you on the high order of your editorials, book reviews and most of your articles, although I think your poetry is more often proletarian than significant."

**Wm. Lawson**, Toronto, protests against the publication of a "few garbled extracts" from his pamphlet, *The Soviet Union and Finland*, in the last issue and claims that it is not a Communist party publication. "The impression is given that the Soviet Union justified its action in Finland as retaliation for incidents on the Russian border. It is not the view presented in the pamphlet nor to my knowledge has it been expressed by any spokesman for the Soviet government."

**A. R. Munday**, Oakville, Man., takes issue with us: "One cannot be sure that those who write verse always know what poetry is any more than writers of verse are always sure that editors know. Do your readers agree with your literary editor that the verses published in *The Forum* are good verses or are deserving, for the most part, to be accepted as poetry? Is it necessary that in verse the imagery and language alike should be made so tortuous and contorted that the meaning is lost in a maze of words, less easily puzzled out than the worst of cross-word puzzles? Is not clarity of expression as desirable in poetry as in prose? The following four lines were given me as an example of what 'modern' poetry might be:

The golf links are so near the mills  
That almost every day  
The children at their work can see  
The men out there at play.

"Compare that for simplicity of expression with these four lines of a poem in your January number:

The self in its terrible walls  
Alone must melt them, and slowly  
Without crash of Jericho-triumph  
Become fluid again and holy.

"One suspects that the writers of verse like that last determinedly resort to such language; the expression of thought or feeling is less than the skill, an admitted skill, in so using words that the meaning is as nearly lost as can be. Such verse seems to justify the criticism of readers of poetry that has not the virtue of 'modernity', but that can be understood, that modern verse has no meaning. Verse such as much of that published in *The*

*Forum* is harder to understand than the driest of economic treatises and as hard reading as the *Price Spreads Committee's Report*. Is such verse poetry?"

(Our literary editor writes: Mr. Munday asks pertinent questions but he does not argue with the clarity he demands from the poets. The quatrain he quotes approvingly is a complete poem, but the four lines from *The Forum* are a fragment — the last of a twelve-line poem. Naturally the meaning is incomplete. It would be easy to match Mr. Munday's puzzling extract with lines culled at random from Shakespeare, Spenser, Donne, Milton, Dryden, Burns, Shelley, Browning, etc. Instead I will simply cite the last four lines of a well-known and perfectly clear poem by one of the clearest of English poets. I quote it because there is at least a superficial theme resemblance to the lines which Mr. Munday boggles at:

Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are  
So lightly, beautifully built;  
Perchance I may return with others there  
When I have purged my guilt.

Mr. Munday will, I think, need to recall the context of "The Palace of Art" before he will know what Tennyson means here. Miss Joslyn's "The Fort Against Music," at which Mr. Munday tilts, is not so clear and not quite so good a poem as "The Palace of Art," but if it is read as a whole it will, I think, convey a definite thought and a definite emotion. Since the emotion is a subtle one, concerned, I take it, with the impingement of music on the human self, it is naturally described in language less neat and monosyllabic than the clever (but outdated) satire which Mr. Munday quotes. If all English poetry were as clear as this, it would surely be rather dull. We might still have Pope, but certainly not Shakespeare. No doubt critics will argue until the end of time regarding some of the questions our reader raises, but there seems to be general agreement that poetry is not just rhymed prose. And among the qualities which distinguish poetry would seem to be just those things which interfere with clarity: concentration, impressionistic metaphor, individual use of words, the surprising phrase. I agree with Mr. Munday that many modern versifiers seek to be difficult in order to appear poetic, following the modern fashion of cryptic intellectualism. I reject poems of that nature every week. Nevertheless, Mr. Munday should clarify himself as to whether he is complaining because "modern verse has no meaning" or "because it has too much meaning.")

**R. Pershing Brown**, New York, asks: "When are you Canucks going to wake up to the fact that the ends of a war are determined by the means with which that war is waged and the ruling clique which wages that war? Don't think you can out-fumble a shrewd Tory like Chamberlain or an imperialistic Liberal like King."

**J. C. Knight** was born in Ontario but has lived for 21 years in Spokane, Wash. He is now quite content to "stay south of the border where the Bill of Rights and Habeas Corpus are still in effect. I have heard about your publication as the only independent liberal periodical in Canada. If you are not already in jail for telling the truth, this may reach you all right. As a former Liberal and constituency association secretary I want to see MacKenzie King defeated in his own riding. Why doesn't Mitchell Hepburn's attorney-general step in and put a stop to police interference with free speech?" [Apparently Mr. Knight has not kept in close touch with the Ontario situation.]



# BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## *Commemoration*

ESSAYS IN CANADIAN HISTORY: R. Flenley, editor; Macmillans, Toronto; pp. 372; \$2.50.

THIS COLLECTION of historical essays was prepared to commemorate the 80th birthday of Prof. G. M. Wrong. The contributions are from his former students and colleagues, and from members of the staff of the history department of Toronto University. Each author has chosen any topic that suited his fancy. All this suggests a book that would make a nice tribute to a distinguished historian, but which is probably somewhat academic and disjointed. Actually such is not the case. A few of the chapters will be of interest to historical students only—the ordinary reader will scarcely turn to read about “The Position of the Lieutenant-Governor in British Columbia in the Years Following Confederation.” But a number of the essays possess the live quality found in all historical writing which makes the past contribute to an understanding of the present, and the volume as a whole is of decided interest.

Amongst the essays, there are two interpretations of Canadian politics which make particularly good reading. One is on “Conservatism and National Unity,” by D. G. Creighton; the other on “Edward Blake and Canadian Liberal Nationalism,” by F. H. Underhill. Mr. Creighton shows how between 1846 (repeal of the Corn Laws) and 1879 (adoption of the National Policy) the Conservative party, under the leadership of John A. Macdonald and others, worked out a concept of national unity based on the idea of a centralized federal state expanding commercially so as to provide a framework for profitable private enterprise. Confederation (though it had other purposes also) was one step in the evolution of this process. Tariff protection followed logically in the same development. The hope of the Conservatives was that a closed commercial empire might be created in the northern half of the continent to replace the markets lost by England’s adoption of free trade and the American cancellation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. In part this hope was fulfilled; indeed our present Canadian social order is largely the product of this set of ideas. Canada was meant to be, and is, an economic system designed to help the entrepreneur reap the largest possible reward. The trouble with the Conservative party in recent times has been that it has never evolved a new set of principles comparable in magnitude to those which it wrote into the B.N.A. Act and into post-Confederation history. To apply to it one of Mr. Creighton’s phrases, “Gradually a set of principles was replaced by a mass of inhibitions.”

Professor Underhill deals with one Liberal leader only, Edward Blake, but he sets him against the background of Canadian society in such a way as to show the relationship between political ideas and economic changes. Canadian Liberalism in its origins is seen as somewhat apart from world events, taking root in an immature society at a time when “the alliance of governments with ambitious business corporations for the exploitation and consolidation of the nation’s economic resources” was just beginning. In this changing society liberalism did not flourish, though Liberalism, the national party, was able to consolidate itself. Blake can be seen toying with

several ideas of a visionary character—such as Canadian nationalism and imperial federation. Modern Liberals take to collective security in a similar way; such ideas are found more often in men who are not concentrating their reforming zeal on the key point in the social structure—the economic relations of man to his productive property. The Conservatives up to 1896 were able to capture the imagination of the populace more than the Liberals by their greater practical faith in the future wealth of the country, until Liberalism got its chance and began its own era of railway building and governmental support of wealthy economic interests. Again to quote Mr. Creighton upon the two parties: “They borrowed each other’s successful policies and unostentatiously abandoned their own failures; and in this process of adaptation by imitation, they not unnaturally developed a striking similarity of appearance.”

In addition to these two papers, Prof. McInnis contributes an admirable comparative study of the Canadian and American constitutions, and Prof. Brebner explains the rather fortuitous circumstances that helped Canada to escape American expansionism in the 19th century. Prof. Lower examines the geographical determinants in Canadian history, and Prof. Kennedy’s essay incorporates nearly all the ideas on the B.N.A. Act first developed by Mr. W. F. O’Connor in his report to the Canadian Senate.

F. R. SCOTT

## *Model for Libertarians*

TWICE A YEAR: Dorothy Norman, editor; 509 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.; Number III-IV; pp. 422; \$3.25.

SUBTITLED “A semi-annual journal of literature, the arts, and civil liberties—in book form,” “Twice A Year” is a unique publishing enterprise. Like the late lamented English “New Writing,” it seeks to anthologize current literature and the arts; unlike other book-periodicals, it puts into practice the doctrine that progress in the arts is indissolubly linked with the preservation of political liberty. In the year and a half since its inception, Miss Norman has shown that she can produce a journal which, if uneven in quality, is at least stimulating, and no man’s stooge. By interweaving extracts from classic Americans such as Thoreau and Randolph Bourne with new work by Proust, Kafka, and others, she has underlined those liberal traditions which are increasingly in the American consciousness today as they fade from sight in Europe.

The third and latest issue is so bulky and so diverse in content that a reviewer is reduced merely to listing the items he likes. A “war and peace” section offers some pregnant notes jotted down by Schnitzler in 1915, a meaty essay by Salvemini on Mussolini’s foreign policy, some translations from Ernst Toller’s mournful “Swallow Book” and an invigorating discussion of Culture in Exile by the Italian expatriate professor, G. A. Borgese.

The next section, less successful, quotes Germans, from Goethe down, against themselves. As a balance, however, there is a sturdy blast against racism, by Caroline Singer, and some wise remarks by Havelock Ellis. A special but esoteric division celebrates the Spanish dancer, Angna Enters, and this is followed by two Saroyan pseudo-stories, some finicky literary criticism, and a few slabs of grimly



cerebral verse. Exception should be made for the extract from the opening of Kenneth Patchen's poem-in-progress, "The Hunted City." Mr. Patchen writes with an originality which is almost alarming, and with a fierce passion which inclines one to suspect that he may be, as his publishers claim, the coming American poet.

In the main, however, the final grouping, on civil liberties, tops the rest of the book not only in theme interest but in freedom from stylistic mannerisms and literary muddle-headedness. Readers should not miss Herbert Seligman's essay on the basis of democracy, the "civil liberties review of the year," and the questionnaire of the American Civil Liberties Union designed to test the political adulthood of any city.

I suppose it would be too much to expect that our ghostly Canadian civil liberties unions would acquire a copy of "Twice A Year" and learn something of what could be done, even here in war-time, in the intelligent and artistic publicizing of the ideals of civil liberties.

EARLE BIRNEY

## Racine Tribute

JEAN RACINE: A. F. B. Clark; Harvard University Press; pp. 354; \$3.50 (U.S.).

A BOOK ON RACINE is an event at any time in any language, but a book on Racine in English is a unique event. One of the first half-dozen of the world's greatest tragic dramatists has been dead for almost two centuries and a half and no full length monument, to say nothing of an adequate monument, has been raised to him in the English language. At last this cold silence has been avenged; to the honor of scholarship over the Anglo-Saxon world but especially to the honor of Canadian scholarship. Anyone acquainted with his fine work on "Boileau in England" will know that Professor Clark was predestined for this task. It may be that it is an advantage for him that he has had no rivals in his own tongue. But he has had many rivals in other tongues, none of whose special values have been forgotten in this book commemorating the Racine tercentenary as it takes its place among the best of them.

About half of the volume is concerned with the critical analysis of the plays. This is as it should be. Racine himself would have agreed that the artist's personality is not a very important matter, it being revealed in his work, rather than the contrary, namely that the work is explained by the personality. The latter is a very dangerous method giving rise to all sorts of confusions and pseudo-mysteries, especially for the critic who is afflicted with a Freudian complex. It is exactly in this most difficult part of the critic's business, the exposition and estimate of the values of the plays, that Mr. Clark is at his best. Some would say that he has a very special talent for modernizing his subject. That is merely to say that he displays great talent in demonstrating permanently human values, for, if he had gone backwards to a Phoenician audience instead of forwards to a Canadian audience, he would have had the same success. Mr. Clark seems himself not to believe this when after crowning one triumph by another in the discussion of the plays he affirms that in "Athalie" the human problems are not those of our day because our day does not accept the whole religious background of that play. By parallel reasoning how many of Shakespeare's plays would remain wholly sympathetic?

This slip in "Athalie" brings me to a more important matter, the real fault in the book. There are some troublesome points of a minor character such as the interpretation of the 'honnête homme' as the respectable solid burgher; the confusion between the statement on page 39 that "before 1628 no French dramatist showed signs of ever having heard of the rules" and the statement on page 31 that the unities were usually observed by the dramatists of the 16th century. And was it not Jean de la Taille who in "Sailil" (1572) insisted upon the unities? Surely the "Nietzscheism" of Corneille is just the lofty affirmation of the stoicism of the 16th century passed on to the 17th century as one aspect of the 'honnête homme' ideal. Much graver is the forcing of the note (more apparent than real, I must say) in the highly improbable connection of Racine with the "Affaire des Poisons" and his so-called 'arrivisme', in order to prove the demonic in him which demands no such proofs.

There is I think one grave weakness running through the book and affecting all that half of it which concerns the personality of Racine as well as the criticism of "Athalie." It is the assumption that the naturistic movement in the modern world has wiped out Christianity. This may be true of the widest areas in protestantism but it is certainly not true of other great still Christian bodies. If the individualistic tendency had been as strong in the 17th century as the author assumes, then the Rousseauistic interpretation of Molière would be the correct one, quod absurdum est. To St. Paul, Claudel, or Huysmans the labored positivistic interpretation of the conversion of Racine by Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Clark would be just grotesque. There is no mystery about Racine's conversion. It is a fact just as that he was royal historiographer is a fact, only the latter has no mystery about it while the former is all mystery. Moreover, self-mortification and remorse are not Russian features in a Christian but Christian features in a Russian, or in anyone else possessed by God and, more particularly, not because he may have been a criminal but because he may always have been a saint.

J. S. WILL



AN EDMONTON STREET

CAVEN ATKINS (1938)

## Mr. Pound's Conservatism

POLITE ESSAYS: Ezra Pound; New Directions; pp. 207; \$2.50 (U. S.).

"POLITE ESSAYS," says Mr. Pound, in an aside, "are not printed to convince anyone of anything whatsoever." It would be agreeable to read him when he was out to convince people of something: for in the present collection he shows all the usual traits of the hot-gospeller—violence of language, strictness of judgment, and damnable iteration. As a change from the austerity of academic criticism and the fine manners of pundits like Desmond MacCarthy and H. S. Canby, it is pleasant to read a man who calls Blake "dippy William," Dryden a "lunk head," and abounds in gibes at the "gang" or the "bureaucracy" which controls English letters and, through Sir Edmund Gosse, sought to prevent "Ulysses" from being noticed in the "Revue des deux mondes." All the trends and coteries in English verse from 1910 to the present are shown from the peculiar angle of vision of one who fought beside Eliot against the old order, and then rapidly and widely diverged. Mr. Pound stands quite alone: nothing is better in the whole book than his reservations when he praises Eliot and Eliot's performance. What matters most in this strident and pugnacious book is, however, the cool and dry part—the general ideas.

Two of these are outstanding and impress themselves even on a first reading. One is that literature must be studied in quite another way from that now employed in England and America. This anti-academic critic is certain that the main problem for any person who cares about the state of literature in a country is the curriculum in schools and universities: "the critic not aiming at a better curriculum for the serious study of literature is a critic half-baked, swinging in a vacuum." What we need in our curricula is less emphasis on the literature written in the language of our own country, and far more on the great books, in whatever language they may, by accident, have been written. What we need in our method of study is less emphasis on the biographies of men of letters (which Mr. Pound dismisses again and again as the accounts of their washing-bills) and more on their works as examples of the general principles of art. This method of study, with his peculiar delight in scholastic terms, he calls "ideogramic". Mr. Pound does not seem at all aware that the method has never ceased to dominate literary study in France, or that under Mr. Hutchins at Chicago and under Mr. Barr at St. John's, it is burgeoning vigorously in America. In fact, throughout his book, for one who talks so much about universities and schools, he seems strangely unconscious of what goes on in these places: he seems to think that everything continues today as it used to be when he was a graduate student at Pennsylvania.

His other central idea is that literature expresses life, its sanity is inseparable from that of the nation as a whole, and the present divorce of literature from life a token of the decay of the world. He does not say that this decay can, or cannot, be arrested; but the violence of his language goes to show that he hopes, at least, that he can set things to rights in the course of a few forays. If he continues to hope, we shall have another high-spirited and high-tempered book: if his hope waxes, the next book will not perhaps appear to have been jotted down on scraps of paper which, bearing no numbers to indicate their order, seem to have been flung together on some principle as arbitrary as the color or the size of the scraps.

E. K. BROWN

## Hogbenism

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS: Lancelot Hogben; Nelsons (Allen and Unwin); pp. 283; \$2.75.

FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS the British Labor party has presented an almost unrelieved picture of mental stodginess. The parliamentary leaders were completely colorless. Laski and the Left Book Club had become almost as tiresome with their infinite ingenuity in finding new ways of expounding the Communist party line. Since September even Brailsford has been caught up into the holy war. In this depressing gloom there have been two bright lights. One was provided by the trenchant and unorthodox writing of R. H. S. Crossman. And the other has come from the enfant terrible of the English academic world, Professor Lancelot Hogben. His books popularizing science and mathematics have made him world famous. This present volume is a collection of his addresses and essays of recent years. It spreads over a wide field, from historical disquisitions upon English and Scotch scientists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to lectures upon education and attacks upon the socialism of the Labor party or the sterile proletarianism of the Marxists. Professor Hogben is a robust man who despises the refinement that has sapped the vitality of English academic culture. He overflows with high spirits, and every essay in this volume is a delight to read. His main thesis throughout is concerned with the benefits which modern society might enjoy if it made full use of modern science. He is always tilting against the literary training which has formed the minds of most radicals and socialists and, in his view, has thereby made socialism, as presented by most of its exponents, an uncreative doctrine and policy. Why doesn't some organization bring Hogben out to lecture in Canada? It would be so refreshing to listen to a spokesman from the old country who stood for something beside the culture of the ages.

F. H. U.

## Prairie Dustbowl

THE WIND OUR ENEMY: Anne Marriott; Ryerson, 7 pp; 50c,

A RECENT Ryerson poetry chapbook, eightieth in a distinguished list, is a free-verse poem of some two hundred lines on the theme of prairie drought. Its author, Anne Marriott, is well-known to Forum readers as a contributor of prose and verse distinguished by sincerity and intensity of mood. "The Wind our Enemy" is a sustained work in her best vein, fresh and concentrated in imagery, impassioned in mood. In miniature, the poem traces for Canada the same bitter history which Steinbeck records in the first chapter of the *Grapes of Wrath*. The wheat, "in spring like a giant's bolt of silk Unrolled over the earth," is annihilated by the searing wind. The human sufferers, driven to pauperdom, walled off by the peppered air and human indifference, feel that kindness and honesty too are "blown away and lost in frantic soil . . . The sun goes down. Earth like a thick black coin Leans its round rim against the yellowed sky." Humanity retreats, leaving "Wind, in a lonely laughterless shrill game, with broken wash-boiler, bucket without a handle, Russian thistle . . ."

EARLE BIRNEY

## Film Thesis

THE FILM ANSWERS BACK: E. W. & M. M. Robson; Nelson (Lane): pp. 336; \$4.

AS THE TITLE indicates, this book is on the defensive. It starts with an historical survey of the cinema, which has been done better elsewhere, and then goes on to develop this thesis:

"The film is the most dynamic cultural medium that has ever appeared in human history. It is a reflection of the social scene through the minds of those engaged in film production. . . . It is not only a reflection of the present, but a preparation for the social epoch which is about to appear." (p. 186)

Not content with presenting the film as a reflection of the social scene—which, of course, is fairly evident—the writers go on to claim for it the motivation of social changes of far-reaching effect, a claim that is, to say the least, unsupported by the evidence. Certainly this book does not make out a very convincing case for it. Sometimes its evidence consists merely in lists of titles of films, which, its authors claim, are sufficiently indicative of trends to prove their point. This one doubts. To show how far they are prepared to carry their argument, they argue that the post-war German film expressed defeat, frustration, split personality, a defeatist philosophy, and so forth. Thus far, one can agree. Then, however, they go on to say that if such films as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" had never been made, Hitler would never have succeeded in dominating Germany. This is a lamentable and unscholarly confusion of cause and effect.

They insist that the hope of the world for the future lies in producing films that are objective rather than subjective, wholesome and optimistic in content, conventionally moral, and devoted to portraying happy, or at least hopeful, endings. There must be no suicides. If a question has two sides, only the right side must be shown. To American films they give the highest praise. English films are ranked relatively low. American films lead the mob, apparently, without being too far ahead of it, and that is why they reap their reward at the box-office. The European influence on American films is bad. It makes them subjective, and cuts down the comedy element. No foreign director has ever made a good comedy for the American films.

With "Ninotchka" in mind, one can smile at such a generalization, and doubtless Herr Lubitsch, its director, will smile too.

"The backward position of women in Europe and elsewhere could only be improved when ideas from the new world began to spread and take effect. The United States was the fulcrum from which the lever was operated to raise in varying degrees the status of women, wherever the American film is shown." (p. 294) "The effect of 'Waiting for Lefty' seems to have been far-reaching in America, since we meet the name 'Lefty' applied to all kinds of characters in the most unexpected places." (p. 316)—A museum specimen of cart-before-horsing. "There are elements of subjectivism regrettably, in Disney's 'Snow White.'" (p. 322)—So what?

This is a book to make thoughtful film-goers laugh heartily. The other kind will not read it. On the whole, the best thing to do is to forget the whole thing, and go and see "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," a really great picture, which I cannot praise too highly, except for the inclusion of Donald Meek.

W. S. MILNE

## Near the Great

LETTERS OF ANNA JAMESON TO OTTILIE VON GOETHE: edited by Professor G. H. Needler; Oxford University press; pp. 247; \$4.50.

THE NOVEL ASPECT of this volume for Canadian readers is that it connects or very nearly connects Toronto with Goethe's Weimar. From the sublime to the ridiculous, it would seem, it is, after all, much more than a step, though, on the other hand, one might say that it is not more than a postage stamp. But whoever heard Toronto called sublime before?

The connection is this—Anna Jameson, the unhappy wife of a boozy attorney-general of Upper Canada and the well-known author of "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," had struck up a warm friendship—a little hectic on her side, though tempered by her dignity of character—with Ottilie von Goethe, the poet's impulsive daughter-in-law, who, for her part seems to have preferred Englishmen to Englishwomen. Since this friendship only began in 1833, the year after Goethe's death, the student of Goethe cannot dismiss the tantalising thought that Mrs. Jameson came so near to meeting Goethe and just failed to do so. Her direct impressions of him would have been both lively and valuable. In default of these we have to take her continued interest in the great man's reflected glory and, by extension, in the rest of German literature. She must be among the very few literary folk in England who at that time took cognisance of such figures as Hebbel or Raimund.

Canadian readers will be inclined to look first at those letters written from Toronto in 1836 and 1837 which come as a sort of supplement to the book on Canada into which the main part of Mrs. Jameson's trans-Atlantic impressions went. True, the impressions given here are not very comfortable: "I shiver in my heart and look round upon this wintry Canada in despair. . . . A house like Aladdin's palace and gardens like those of the Hesperides would not tempt me to remain." Such was the private background of her memorable visit. It is no small tribute to her personality that she was able to lift herself out of this misery to write of Canada with such detachment and interest as her travel book reveals.

But the fuller value of these letters must be sought also in their frequent references to English and German life and letters and to Anna Jameson's interesting connections with her literary contemporaries. The book is beautifully produced in the Oxford Press's best fashion and is very appropriately edited by the appropriate person.

BARKER FAIRLEY





## *Sophocles Modernized*

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES: English Version by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald; Harcourt Brace; pp. 97; \$1.50.

**R**EAD first the commentary which follows the text: then only will you understand why impressive passages are omitted and why much of the version, so far from being Sophoclean, has no style at all — things like "Poor Antigone! But what can I do about it?" "I have no use for him." The whole gives a patchy effect, for among such flatnesses one finds that when Sophocles writes (literally) "I hate bad wives for (my) sons" his adapters explode into "I'll have no fanatic slut for my son's wife." Most of the work is in *vers libre*; the lyrics are, in their way, very fine: for instance:

Love, unconquerable  
Waster of rich men, keeper  
Of warm lights and all-night vigil  
In the soft face of a girl:  
Sea-wanderer, forest-visitor!  
Even the pure Immortals cannot escape you,  
And mortal man, in his one day's dusk,  
Trembles before your glory.

By "in their way" I mean that, as usual in such versions, one can safely wager that Greekless readers will admire most those elements which correspond to nothing in the original.

GILBERT NORWOOD

## *Greek Essays*

MIXED COMPANY: J. C. Robertson; Dent; pp. 200; \$2.25.

**T**HIS COLLECTION of essays by the emeritus professor of Greek at Victoria College, Toronto, is a popular book in the best sense of that much-abused word. It is uniformly interesting to the general reader and yet contains much which the most hardened scholar will find both fresh and stimulating. Professor Robertson writes with limpid clarity and deceptive simplicity, for in this modern world of ours we need to reevaluate the contributions of the civilizations that have gone before us to the art of living.

As the title indicates, the subjects are varied. There is a charming portrait, 'My Friend the Curate,' of a Canadian who loved an England he had never seen. There is also a discussion of 'Centralization in Educational Policy' applying to Ontario, dated 1921. All the other essays are on the subjects of classical antiquity, and the majority revolve around Plato himself, from whom Professor Robertson, in common with so many students, has derived his main inspiration. He treats Greek history as but one chapter in a common human history, their outlook and thought as a part of a wider human search for truth and happiness, and in this way makes his reader see classical antiquity as very near indeed to himself.

Neither does he romanticize, as it is so fatally easy to do when dealing with times far away and long ago. His Greeks are real men in a real world. He makes us realize that Socrates, "in a certain sense, WAS a destructive critic and subverter of established morality," and rather marvels that Athens put up with him for so long (few modern states, during a thirty years' war, would do as much!).

Greek ideas, morality and philosophy must, as he insists, be seen against their general background: "The Greek, being a true southerner, was (and still is) by temperament excitable and easily roused to excessive display of feeling. Greek troops, we know, were peculiarly liable to sudden panic; and the keen intelligence of the race was no more rapid in its working than was their susceptibility to passion. Wisely, therefore, the Greek moralists preached restraint; wisely they gave their impressive countrymen advice the very opposite of that which the more steady and stolid northerner requires." He elaborates the point excellently, and it is one too often missed by those who read their Plato and Aristotle in a historical vacuum, and even by reputable scholars.

One would like to go on quoting, but you had better read the book. Many parallels are drawn with the modern world, and the chapter on 'Christ and Greek Thought' is of particular interest, though here for once one feels that Professor Robertson is perhaps a little less than fair to his beloved Greece.

No one who reads this book can fail to catch something of the charm and fascination which Greek thought and Greek culture has had for thinkers during two thousand years, and to understand also that something vital will be lost to humanity if that charm should ever be broken.

G. M. A. GRUBE

## *Experiment*

POETS OF TOMORROW, First Selection; Longmans, Green (Hogarth); pp. 78; 85c.

**T**HE HOGARTH PRESS feels that some attempt should be made to win back the market for serious poetry that existed ten years ago, and is planning a series of books presenting the work of four or five younger poets at a time. The attempt deserves support; notice the price.

These four poets are all about 25, and all write, very well, the sort of poetry fashionable during the last decade. They are haunted by the miserable cruelty of the time, the murder of Spain, the growing stampede of bourgeois imbecility, the politely useless sympathy of intellectuals. They are in full revolt against the popular and readable school of poets who flourished up to 1929 and specialized in individual reactions to beauty. The romantic search for loveliness, and the melancholy of mere nostalgia, are equated by these writers with an adolescence which has been sweet, but must now be ruthlessly outgrown. Loveliness, the attractive part of beauty, is concealed from adult poets living in these newly darkened ages: ugliness, the repellent and challenging side, is now the external source of poetry. In place of the melancholy of nostalgia has come a new kind of melancholy based on observation rather than temperament, which only revolution will cure.

The intense desire for revolution adds to this new melancholy a new sense of decorum, that is, the belief in the special importance of a certain kind of subject-matter. Their poetry is therefore mainly the expression of a single mood. They offer passionate criticisms of life: they are as didactic as a monk working through the seven sins: their tone is prophetic and denunciatory. Their distrust of loveliness at times expands into a distrust of poetry itself as an impotent political weapon. They feel that an age of social crisis makes the holiday emotions, those of love, for instance, more intense because more transient, their insistence on this being rather pathetic. They believe in the comparative imminence of revolution,



WAREHOUSES

CAVEN ATKINS (1931)

but they hardly look for it in their own time, and as their avoidance of the more consoling formulas of religion amounts to a phobia, they seem to be still in the unrelieved pessimism of the Victorian Buddhists. It is curious that poetry so contemporary and nourished on fashionable contemporary models (Hewett names Hopkins) should sound so exactly like a sepulchral echo of Matthew Arnold, but so it is. At times their ignoring of religion seems almost like a deliberate and desperate privation: one wonders if Moloch himself ever demanded more from his child-murdering, self-castrating worshippers than the great god Zeitgeist.

The resemblances between the four are perhaps more significant, so far, than their differences, but they all build on a basis of solid technical competence, and often rise above it to an impressive height. Anyone who is interested, not only in modern poetry as such, but in studying its development during the past two decades and predicting its immediate future, would be well advised to acquire this book.

H. N. FRYE

### *Genetics Simplified*

**YOU AND HEREDITY:** Amram Scheinfeld, assisted in the genetic sections by Morton D. Schweitzer; Frederick Stokes and Company; pp. 434; \$3.25.

**T**HE nature of heredity is a problem that has aroused the curiosity of nearly everyone at some time or other. Unfortunately, in the past, those of us who are not experts in the field of genetics have been repelled by the amount of effort required in perusing dry academic volumes for our information on the topic. As Mr. Scheinfeld remarks in his preface, most scientific works are written from the inside looking out. We might add that one very good reason for this is that it is easier for the expert to write in his own esoteric jargon than to come down to the level of the average reader. This writer deserves much credit for having chosen the harder and more fruitful method.

Mr. Scheinfeld, himself, did not take up the study of heredity until a rather advanced age. He saw the need for an exposition of the subject which would provide the layman with the facts in as interesting a manner as possible. By the time he had completed this work he had not only put down the facts in an extremely palatable form but had amassed and organized so much material from a wide range of scientific fields that the resulting volume is worthy of note as a text, a reference, or merely as light and informative reading.

One of the book's most entertaining features is the inclusion of numerous illustrations by the author. These are mostly of the semi-diagrammatic type, skillfully conceived and astonishingly effective in telling their story.

The subjects treated include not only the standard formulation of the process of heredity transmission through chromosomes and genes but branch out into many interesting by-paths. Such topics as musical talent, intelligence, sexual characteristics and others are dealt with in turn. Experts in the various sciences directly concerned with such phenomena have been called in either to provide information or to act in an editorial capacity. No doubt some of their fellow experts will disagree with certain statements, but that can hardly be avoided. There is no obvious attempt to grind any particular axe or to mislead the reader in any way. The layman here, as always, takes the risk of acquiring information without having the ability to criticize the way in which it was derived. The danger is considerably reduced, however, by the care which has been taken throughout in presenting problems without bias.

To many of us who have wished for just such a work, "You and Heredity" is a unique and extremely valuable book.

FERGUS TOBIN

### *Frightened Thirties*

**SINCE YESTERDAY:** Frederick Lewis Allen; Musson (Harper); pp. 362; \$3.50.

**T**HE AUTHOR of that delightful chronicle of the 1920's in America "Only Yesterday," gives us now a skillfully written cavalcade of the 1930's. Mr. Allen is outstanding among historians of the postwar decades in that he achieves complete objectivity and detachment. Canadian readers will appreciate Mr. Allen's special service in recalling many events that received scant attention in the Canadian press or that memory has blurred. His book produces a nostalgic appreciation of the dramatic history of the American people.

The dominant theme of the thirties was economics and the outstanding people were the Brain Trusters and the economists thirsting for social reconstruction and reform. But the leitmotif of that period is the depression. Mr. Allen presents a cumulative story of the human realities of the galloping panic with its accompanying hysteria and effect on manners and morals. One is struck by the pathetic helplessness of Herbert Hoover to stop the hole in the economic dike; yet this same president loosed troops with machine guns upon the Washington Bonus Marchers. The New Deal and Roosevelt's personality are given a great deal of space from the first hectic, epoch-making days filled with unprecedented legislation in which the president had the faith of the sorely tried American masses, to the swing to the left, and the subsequent attempts of the New Deal to cope with a worldwide phenomenon. In the pages devoted to the history of the human error behind the dust bowl storms and the floods, Mr. Allen reveals facile and competent writing. Interspersed are running comments on the fashions, fads, songs, books, movies, and plays that lent brightness to a tragic decade.

Here is a book to own, the montage of a decade, the moving story of the American people subjected to shocks, making adjustments as Europeans have long learned to do, discovering their possibilities. In short, the American people have gained a new sense of direction, have grown up.

MARGUERITE WYKE



## Saskatchewan Hermitage

ON A DARKLING PLAIN: Wallace Stegner; McLeod; pp. 231; \$2.50.

**M**R. STEGNER is a young Utahn who achieved distinction by winning a prize for a novelette, "Remembering Laughter." His latest book is set in south-west Saskatchewan during the last year of the previous war to save democracy. The author obviously chose the time and place not because he had any special knowledge of them but because they were the most plausible time and place he could safely use to illustrate his theme. This last is foreshadowed in the book's motto, quoted from MacLeish: "Men are brothers by life lived and are hurt for it."

A young Canadian invalided home in the spring of 1918 bears wounds of the flesh which have healed and wounds of the mind from which he can recover only by withdrawing himself from the human jungle. He leaves a too-loving mother in green Vancouver and (having cash enough to live without farming) hikes to an isolated pre-emption, digs out a sod-hut, and gives himself over to morose contemplation under the lone and quiet sun. It does not take him long to discover that he must be active, that "to live on the tangled froth of the mind's motion" is not enough. And, by summer's end, the demands of both flesh and spirit drive him willy-nilly into comradeship with his Danish neighbor and the latter's daughter.

When the influenza epidemic reaches even their remote plain, he is dragged back into the human world of suffering and sacrifice, and finds that his will to be "honestly himself, without the mask" cannot be satisfied by a Timon of Athens hermitage, but must be achieved in society. "At its best, in its stricken hours, one saw the reserves of nobility and endurance and high-hearted courage that kept the race alive . . . the resiliency of humanity under the whip was justification for all its meanness."

This is a timely as well as a timeless theme and one which the author develops with skill and sincerity. The central character comes easily to life, and the adolescent farm girl is sketched with delicacy. The other figures are few and shadowy, for the technique is still the novelette, with the focus almost continuously upon the hero. There is some monotony in this, but it is relieved by the author's close attention to the varied aspects of the prairie background. The style is clear and unaffected, seldom flat and occasionally vivid. **EARLE BIRNEY**

## Boy Meets Poor Girl

BUT YOU ARE YOUNG: Josephine Lawrence; McClelland Stewart (Little, Brown); pp. 330; \$2.50.

**J**OSEPHINE LAWRENCE is unusual in that in her books she combines a slick Saturday Evening Post style with a sincere awareness of the system which is slowly crushing the life out of the American middle class. The result is very simple, very readable novels, with what is commonly called social significance.

"But You Are Young" is the story of a manicurist, Kelsie Wright, and of her struggle towards uncomplex happiness—home and husband. Kelsie is the only breadwinner in her large and unemployed family, and the situation is such that the younger sister, Loria—herself

a downstairs Brenda Frazier—is impelled to remark: "The whole damn economic system of the Wright family goes haywire if the kid plans to buy herself a new pair of shoes."

Kelsie earns sixteen dollars a week. Her swank married brother and sister, satisfied to be well out of it, refuse to aid the family, preferring to breed elegant bitches and build houses in the country. Kelsie is left to bear the burden alone, and after losing her first boy friend because she hasn't sufficient class to please the in-laws, feels life is hopeless and marriage impossible. Eventually she meets one of those slick grey-haired prowlers who prey on the credulity of New York's salesgirls while their wives are in Bermuda and all points south, and who owe their existence to the miraculous persistence of the American myth of rich man — poor girl.

Kelsie suffers another disillusion and life gets increasingly difficult until finally she meets a boy of her own class and circumstances. The problem is whether the young people should seize their happiness regardless of family ties, or whether they should remain to shoulder the responsibility which rightfully belongs to society.

MIRIAM DWORKIN WADDINGTON

## Jam Souffle

WHAT IMMORTAL HAND: James Curtis; Reginald Saunders (Nicholson & Watson); pp. 280; \$2.

**T**HIS BOOK reminds me of a dessert trifle. Take any kind of stale cake, add layers of jam, fruit and whipped cream, begin again as before, add more jam and fruit, top off with plenty of cream — a guaranteed, majority-satisfying dessert.

"What Immortal Hand" is the story of six slum children and what life does to them. Jacky Walham, through a stroke of fate and always with the best of motives (either to provide food for a dying mother or to get money for his girl), starts on a life of crime that ends with his hanging for the murder of the man who first introduced him to crime. The cruelty of destiny in leading on to his ultimate end is written vividly. There are some lovely bits about the kind but unreal attitude of juvenile courts and social workers. Jacky expresses the futility of his life, just before he dies, to his sister: "Don't worry, kid. It's the best way. Something went wrong with my life. . . I couldn't help myself."

His sister, Peggy Walham, after various adventures in saving her body for the highest bidder without ever having to pay the supreme price, becomes a fashionable dress designer. She sticks by her brother but it's no use! Fate or the author has marked him out for a sad end.

Then there's Tommy Morgan. He's the son of a pawnbroker. By applying himself to his books when the gang are out playing he wins scholarships that finally send him to Cambridge. Because he is paid a guinea a speech he joins the Labor party. Ultimately, by selling out his party, he becomes attorney-general of England. The climax of his career and of the book is the scene in which he faces his former friends and his pawnbroker father and refuses to intervene in Jacky's case.

Billy Hooper goes from one boxing triumph to another to ultimately become world boxing champion, after which he runs to seed and fat. Reg. Blades becomes a renowned screen and stage comedian. Franky Taylor — but I've forgotten what happens to him!

TMIMA LITTNER COHN



## Political Baedeker

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD, 1940: Walter H. Mallory, editor; Council on Foreign Relations (Harper); pp. 209; \$2.50 (U.S.).

PENGUIN POLITICAL DICTIONARY: Walter Theimer, compiler; Collins; pp. 277; 20c.

IT MUST BE a disheartening task to publish political handbooks and dictionaries in these days of surprise aggressions—and elections—when they are a bit out of date before the lintype slugs have had a chance to cool; on the other hand, no doubt, unsettled world conditions create a larger market for such wares.

The Political Handbook, now in its 12th edition and completely revised to January, continues its usual high standard. It describes the form of government, political parties and leaders in each country and classifies the leading periodicals. A Canadian naturally turns to the six pages devoted to the dominion to check the book for accuracy. There is little with which to find fault, though Torontonians will be amused to find *The Star* and *The Telegram* listed as "Independent." A compact and useful book of reference.

The Penguin Political Dictionary contains a mine of information and at the price should be in the hands of everyone who makes a pretense at following international affairs. It ranges alphabetically from the Aaland islands to King Zog, touching on the way everything from the Fabians and nihilism to the Moscow Trials. Why half a page was devoted to Mr. Aberhart to the exclusion of all other Canadian politicians is a mystery; possibly the British find him more entertaining than our run-of-the-mill tub-thumpers. To say that the Grits are a low, and the Tories a high tariff party is somewhat misleading. The statement that the C.C.F., as a party, was in favor of neutrality in the present war is not correct. Diehards are defined in ten lines but Mr. Dies' committee is ignored. These things detract from an otherwise valuable little book. It should be checked by a North American authority before it goes into another edition.

A. SOMERVILLE

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SCENE: Frank Darvall; Nelson Discussion Books; pp. 239; 75 cents.

A BOOK written to inform the British public about affairs in the United States has its advantages and disadvantages for Canadian readers. One drawback is the necessarily long exposition of matters of which the Englishman may be profoundly ignorant but which are common knowledge to the average literate Canadian. On the other hand, Canadians are fed for the most part on American literature which assumes them to have a better knowledge of things American than they really have. For instance, how many appreciate the great difference between the British and American mechanics of government, or could explain how the American electoral system really works?

Dr. Darvall didn't intend this to be an entertaining book; it is meant to be informative, and it is, though in spots it has been written with considerable spirit, particularly the description of the 1932 panic and Roosevelt's inauguration. Over half the book is devoted to a detailed history of the past two decades, written objectively, but obviously by a man of liberal outlook. This series is designed for the use of discussion group members. At least if they read this one they will have a good idea of the State of the Union, and can draw their own conclusions.

J. A. D.

## Political Behavior

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS: David Thomson; Thos. Nelson & Sons; pp. 188; 75 cents.

THIS is an excellent brief survey of the main principles of political psychology. The author in concise and pithy fashion, traces the historical growth of modern political parties and shows to what extent they actually represent public opinion. There is a good section on mass psychology as manipulated and exploited by modern dictatorships. The layman who wants to gain some grasp of the driving forces behind political behavior will find much of value and profit here.

For the more advanced student, the principal interest of the book lies in its discussion of the nature of political parties. There is some effective criticism of the Marxian theory of the state. Marxians claim parties are directly representative of propertied and class interests. According to the author, this analysis, while containing elements of truth, is grossly over-simplified. There is hardly ever a complete correspondence between party and class in democratic states. Classes never act as a unit in their attitude towards social and economic questions. Some sections of a class will be much more forward looking and progressive than others. We can see this in the bitter conflict between the New Dealers and the southern reactionaries in the American Democratic party. Parties are responsible to pressure groups, but not all of these groups are necessarily economic. The history of the American Anti-Saloon League is an example of the successful working of a non-economic pressure group. This does not mean however, that parties are embodiments of lofty philosophical principle, as nineteenth century Liberals would have had us believe. Rigid adherence to principle is as damaging to party stability as pure class representation. "A party is a buffer, a shock absorber between various pressure groups and the system of representative government." This definition will not satisfy idealists, but undoubtedly comes fairly close to the truth.

W. E. GREENING

## Poetry

LATE BLOSSOMS, by May Rooker-Clark, is a collection of very gentle little verses by a pleasant-looking lady whose picture forms the frontispiece. Some are descriptive, with a great deal of snow in them; some are moralizing ones of the keepsake variety. Needless to say, the former are better, and one called "Summers of Song" has its points.

"TWO SONNETS FOR A CENTENARY," by Fisher Davidson, are on William Lyon Mackenzie and Durham. They are on the schoolroom level, but with practice he may do something with the sonnet form, as he seems to have some idea of it: "voyage" and "rage" will never do for rhymes, though.

"ODE IN A WINTER EVENING," by John A. B. McLeish, is the work of a romantic poet with considerable metrical fluency. When this fluency is supported by sufficient care in the choice of ideas and images, the poetry attains some dignity and solidity. The title poem and another called "The Search" have good things in them: the rest have had less work put on them and relapse too often into jingle. The poet tries didactic and religious themes occasionally, but has nothing very new or distinctive to say about them, which means that these poems hardly rise above commonplaces.

William Thow's "POET AND SALESMAN" shows a good deal of slipshod versifying and some unsuccessful facetiousness, but it also shows an energetic and active mind: even at his worst he is bad only because he is not satisfied with mediocrity. "Neurasthenia," the last poem in his collection, is a remarkable performance: if he can write that he can write better things, and if he writes better things he will be well worth reading.

N. F.

## South Sea Soother

NO MORE GAS: Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall; McClelland Stewart (Little, Brown); pp. 320; \$2.50.

**M**EN WHO WORK in offices all day and wives who keep the home fires burning (with all the attendant trials) will get a vicarious thrill out of this book and, no doubt, will give the Tuttles their whole-hearted approval, if only out of sheer wish-fulfilment. For the Tuttles have everything that everyone wants: a valley in Tahiti, a dash of Nordic virtue by way of a New England grandfather, a fishing launch, excellent digestions and a devoted cook. They express their joy through eating, which assumes grossly artistic proportions with them. When they have money they eat, when they have no money they sing. In between they catch fish and conduct cock-fights.

This is obviously a manufactured story. The deus ex machina is gas, a thing the Tuttles are always running out of. Since they fish for a living, they must have gas to run their launch. Since they never do have gas to run their launch, all kinds of wonderful adventures befall them.

But the Tuttles never worry. They are happy-go-lucky. The rest of the Tahiti people don't worry, either, and the implication is why does anyone worry? It doesn't do any good. This is a wise moral, but not one to be taken very seriously in a world that is so obviously removed from Tahiti, kind creditors, and wonderful meals.

MIRIAM DWORKIN WADDINGTON

## War-Wrack

I MET THEM ONCE: George Stewart; Copp Clark (Caxton); pp. 283; \$3.

**T**WENTY YEARS AFTER the last European holocaust George Stewart writes about the people he met and talked with during his travels on the continent and the near east as a leader in student relief work. It is not a travel book but episodic in character and designed apparently as a cutting indictment of war and the complete chaos it leaves in its wake—among the living. The result is a fine and unusual piece of anti-war propaganda; as you read you begin to wonder how long such books will be allowed to circulate in this country. Stewart writes in an easy, flowing style, though there are a few repetitions of phrase in the early part of the book that would be better mended. He has a keen eye for detail, a novelist's ability to recreate scenes—and seemingly an astounding memory. Some of the episodes are really gripping, and if you don't find yourself occasionally with a catch in your throat you're not easily moved. Send a copy of this to our last-man, last-dollar M.P.'s as an election present.

JEAN FAISEUR

## Tameracker Down

COWBOY DANCES: Lloyd Shaw; Copp Clark (Caxton); pp. 353; \$4.

**M**R. LLOYD SHAW'S BOOK, "Cowboy Dances," is an introduction to the whole-hearted, happy and buoyant dances of the west, expressing the bold spirit of the pioneer. Principally, they are a combination of the European folk dances which came over with the early immigrants from various countries and dances of west adventurers and fortune hunters from every state of the union. These dances merged into a new expression of the dance characteristic of western America.

The book inspires the reader with a desire to learn this very simple and carefree method of abandoning cares, worries, and convention. One of the most important parts played in a western cowboy dance is the "Caller". He is responsible for a gay and successful, or a dull party. The "gibberish" that he calls is very important to the dancers. As the songs are sung and resung, the words constantly change, as there is no written transcript; and where words are forgotten, such lines as "stop your cussin' Casimero" are introduced. Such personal lines about the dancers, lend a humor and flavor to the calls. All members of the family, irrespective of age, may join together in an evening of wholesome fun.

The dance usually opens with "a circle—two step," similar to an "ice breaker." The author presents some 75 dances with complete calls and explanation. All together, a very novel and spirited book of the folk dance of western America.

CYNTHIA BARRETT

## The Klondike

NORTHERN LIGHTS TO FIELDS OF GOLD: Stanley Searce; Copp Clark (Caxton); pp. 390; \$4.

**I**F YOU LIKE thrilling adventure and the stuff Hollywood scenarios are made of, and if you don't mind a bit of homely philosophy thrown in, then you will enjoy this fictional autobiography. The author is one of the thousands who joined the migration to the Klondike in 1897, when men were men and women were goldiggers.

In the early years of the gold rush all social life centred around the saloon, and most of it was raw, rough, and ready. But the old order changeth, and at the turn of the century Dawson's "profligate and depraved social order" was replaced by such social orders as the Arctic Brotherhood, the Masons, and the Oddfellows.

The most authentic chapters are those in which the author narrates his encounters with Indians, his many narrow escapes, his long treks over the northland, and his daring business ventures. Unfortunately he includes a lot of philosophical hokum and religious claptrap. The latter refers chiefly to the great white spirit of the northern lights, which not only breeds a pack of dogs, but intervenes time and again between the author and death.

There is a minor romantic interest. The author loves and loses a dance-hall girl, and later loves and wins a wife. There are some interesting references to Jack London, Robert Service, and Mr. and Mrs. George Black, of parliamentary fame.

On the whole this book proves that Shakespeare was right when he made Hamlet a man of thought, incompetent at action. The converse is perhaps also true.

MIRIAM DWORKIN WADDINGTON

**The Dutch:** Adriaan J. Barnouw; Columbia University Press; pp. 297; \$3 (U.S.).

If you can believe the newspaper seers our hearts will soon be bleeding for gallant little Holland, so a book on that country should be timely. But this isn't so much a book about the Netherlands: it contains a lot about the Dutch and quite a bit about Prof. Barnouw. Since he is also a Hollander (though 20 years at Columbia) I suppose this is permissible. It is rightly subtitled "a portrait study of the people of Holland."

The author has an irritating habit of piddling off into irrelevancies. What a chapter devoted to Santa Claus has to contribute this reviewer is at a loss to know. And most of the attempts at humor are labored. At least one thing has been accomplished: the professor has cleared his desk of newspaper clippings which have cluttered it for the past ten years, and these provide him with the excuse for a few little homilies of his own. Typographically the book is a masterpiece.

JOHAN TEKLE

**Fable in Gothic:** Lois F. Winter; Copp Clark (Caxton); pp. 278; \$3.

The polite, and safe thing to say about a first novel is that it shows promise. But Mrs. Winter's book deserves better than that. It is an uneven piece of work, patchy in spots; structurally there is little to complain of, but the story might be improved had the earlier scenes been presented in less detail and the climax not raced to such a rapid conclusion. The story, certainly not a hackneyed one, deals with a forced marriage between an exasperating, neurotic and ambitious minister, who for the most part seems an out-and-out boulder, and an earthy, almost a "lump" of a woman, who takes the first 150 pages to capture one's sympathy. The subject is the havoc wrought by their physical, marital maladjustment — rather complete incompatibility. It is an interesting psycho-physiological study, mainly because it is presented by a woman; it will hold your interest to the end. Mrs. Winter's background is also army and church, as is the characters' in her story. But one would hesitate to suggest it is autobiographical.

**A B C of Economics:** Ezra Pound; New Directions; pp. 128; \$2 (U.S.).

Mr. Pound's economics are as eccentric, and as sensible, as Mr. Pound himself. He starts out to debunk the economists—he considers himself an amateur—and does a good job of it. The economists, he says, don't know what they're talking about most of the time. They fool the public, and often themselves, by wrapping their ideas up in an unintelligible, technical jargon. He has it all figured out how

to bring about more goods, and a more equitable distribution of them, but at the same time warns that leisure to do as you damned well please is more valuable than a houseful of gadgets usually considered a high standard of living. This slim little volume was apparently written about eight years ago, and seems high in price for the size.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

**Periodical History of the War:** Edgar McInnis; Oxford; pp. 44; 25c.

**Canada and the Second World War:** C. P. Stacey; **Naval Role in Modern Warfare:** Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond; **War Finance in Britain:** Geoffrey Crowther; Oxford Pamphlets; pp. 32; 10c.

**Why Britain is at War:** Harold Nicholson; Collins (Penguin); pp. 160; 20c.

**Three's a Crew:** Kathrene Pinkerton; McClelland Stewart (Carrick & Evans); pp. 316; \$3.

**Music Here and Now:** Ernst Krenke; McLeod (Norton); pp. 306; \$3.75.

**World Trading Systems:** Henry J. Tasca; I. I. Intellectual Co-operation; pp. 172; \$1.50.

**Colonial Questions and Peace:** Emanuel Moresco; I. I. Intellectual Co-operation; pp. 345; \$2.

**Central Banking in the British Dominions:** A. F. W. Plumptre; University of Toronto Press; pp. 462; \$4.

**Studies in Medieval Thought:** G. C. Coulton; Nelson Discussion Book; pp. 229; 75c.

**Shortest Way with the Jews:** Peter Harlow; Nelson (Allen & Unwin); pp. 256; \$1.75.

**But Who Has Won?:** John Scanlon; Nelson (Allen & Unwin); pp. 282; \$1.75.

**Spirit of French Canada:** Ian F. Fraser; Ryerson (Columbia); pp. 219; \$2.75.

**News and the Human Interest Story:** Helen McGill Hughes; University of Chicago Press; pp. 313; \$3 (U.S.).

**Story of the Political Philosophies:** George Catlin; McGraw Hill; pp. 802.

**Can America Build Houses:** Miles L. Colean; **Homes the Public Build:** Edith E. Wood and Elizabeth Hogg; Public Affairs Pamphlets; pp. 32; 10c (U.S.).

**Story of Art:** Regina Shoolman and Charles Slatkin; Blue Ribbon (Halcyon); \$3.95.

**Sons and Fathers:** Maurice Hindus; McClelland Stewart (Doubleday); pp. 322; \$2.75.

**KANE RADIO SERVICE**—Guaranteed repairs to all makes. Public address systems, sales, service and rentals. 880 Dundas West, Toronto. Adelaide 2574.

## COMPOSITION OF THE FORUM BY NEWMARKET ERA PRINTERS

"If it's printed, we supply it."

FOR BOOKS, MAGAZINES OR  
PAMPHLETS

Phone or Write

**ASSOCIATED LITERATURE SERVICE**

Len F. Bullock, Business Manager

5389 Park Ave., Montreal CA. 8482

4-40

## SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

28 WELLINGTON STREET WEST  
TORONTO, CANADA

Send The Canadian Forum for

☐ one year \$2

☐ two years \$3

To .....

Address .....

☐ New ☐ Renewal

New or Renewal Subscriptions  
can be paid at any

**CANADIAN NATIONAL  
TELEGRAPHS OFFICE**

at no extra cost

This form, or a copy of it,  
— must be used —



**HAVE THIS STUB  
RECEIPTED**

**RECEIVED PAYMENT**

Amount .....

Date .....

for Canadian National Telegraphs

**THE CANADIAN FORUM**

TORONTO, CANADA

4-40



*The Outstanding Monthly Magazine of  
History-in-the-Making*

SINCE JANUARY, 1937, when its first issue appeared, **EVENTS** has taken its indisputable place as the most authoritative and reliable month-by-month record and interpretation of what is happening throughout the world.

This is because its contributors are members of the faculties of American and Canadian universities and colleges, and others selected for their expert knowledge of the countries or the topics on which they write.

The policy of **EVENTS** is one of non-partisanship and impartiality. Avoiding the cheap smartness and triviality of those publications which turn news into a form of entertainment, **EVENTS** aims at satisfying the needs of all who take an intelligent interest in international relations and foreign affairs.

Price per copy: 25 cents. Subscription rates: one year, \$3; two years or two annual subscriptions, \$5. Life subscription, \$25. Address all subscriptions, with remittances in United States currency, to

## EVENTS

1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## LSR

### LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION

The League for Social Reconstruction is an association of men and women who are working for the establishment in Canada of a social order, in which the basic principle regulating production, distribution and service will be the common good rather than private profit.

#### ITS AIMS ARE—

To stimulate discussion of current social problems through public meetings.

To encourage the reading and study of works on economic, political, and international affairs.

To make knowledge and reason, instead of habit and sentiment, the basis of constructive criticism of Canadian society.

To break down prejudice and build up a social faith.

(L.S.R. membership fee for one year and one year subscription to *The Canadian Forum*—\$3.00)

Write for information to

NATIONAL OFFICE P.O. BOX 296, MONTREAL

## READ



### CULTURAL AND POLITICAL WEEKLY

- \* The only really independent French weekly.
- \* Opposed to separatism: (Quebec for the French only), and to the racial cry.
- \* Read **LE JOUR** and master your French.
- \* Sound advertising medium.
- \* Quebec is waking up.

Six months \$1.50

One year \$2.50

JEAN-CHARLES HARVEY, EDITOR  
180 St. CATHERINE ST. EAST, MONTREAL

A SAMPLE COPY WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

## BOOKS ABROAD

### AN INTERNATIONAL QUARTERLY OF COMMENT ON FOREIGN BOOKS

\* \* \* \*

EDITED BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE AND KENNETH C. KAUFMAN

\* \* \* \*

**WORLD LITERATURE** in review each quarter by distinguished critics both in the United States and abroad. The magazine offers to its readers criticism and analysis of most of the important books issued in languages other than English—a literary harvest obtainable through no other medium.

**THE CURRENT OF IDEAS** is reflected in leading articles by contributors of established reputation throughout the world. This makes vital reading for everyone interested in the intellectual advancement of our age.

**FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS** offering a wide variety of important and interesting information: literary events of the year, news about foreign authors, literary prize awards, etc.

Subscription rates: \$2.00 a year, or \$3.00 for two years. Single copies 50 cents each. Address the Circulation Manager, **BOOKS ABROAD**.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS -- NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

is  
re  
la  
n-  
on  
er

lal

ks  
rs.  
of  
ve

lal

ar

AL

AN

by  
nd  
ti-  
ks  
ry

ng  
on  
ng  
lal

a  
n-  
ut

or  
ess

MA